

T H E
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THE *Philosophical Transactions* for the present year do not make so splendid an appearance as those of the last; but if in the eyes of some of the members there may be wanting decoration from plates, the scientific reader will begin to flatter himself with the hopes of finding more solid information in the future volumes of this work, than the plan of the society for some years past seemed to admit. We can allow for one or two trifling papers on the gold mines of Ireland, if they are succeeded by the solid remarks of an Atwood; the experiments on the eye and light promise to extend our knowledge on two difficult subjects; and though we should have been more pleased with seeing L'Huilier's treatise in English, the insertion of the language of an hostile republic into the *Transactions* may lead to a conjecture that the interests of science will not be sacrificed to national prejudices; and that at least there is one community in the world, who are votaries of peace,—the commonwealth of letters.

Art. I. The Croonian Lecture on Muscular Motion. By Everard Home, Esq. F. R. S.

The first paper contains a farther examination of the nature of the eye; and some very ingenious experiments are described, for ascertaining the change in the curvature of the cornea.

The result of this inquiry, which has not been confined to the support of any particular theory, but carried on with the sole view of discovering the truth, appears to be, that the adjustment of the eye is produced by three different changes in that organ; an increase of curvature in the cornea, an elongation of the axis of vision, and a motion of the crystalline lens. These changes in a great measure depend upon the contraction of the four straight muscles of the eye.

Mr. Ramsden has been good enough to make a computation,
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by which the degree of adjustment produced by each of these changes may be ascertained. This he has promised to render more correct; and also to institute a series of experiments by which the effects of the motion of the lens may be more accurately determined. From Mr. Ramsden's computation, the increase of curvature of the cornea appears capable of producing one-third of the effect: and the change of place of the lens, and elongation of the axis of vision, sufficiently account for the other two-thirds of the quantity of adjustment necessary to make up the whole.' p. 8.

To complete the theory, the eyes of various animals, birds, beasts, and fishes, were examined, and many interesting particulars are recited. From this investigation, properly continued, we doubt not that in time the powers of the different parts of the human eye will be completely ascertained, and many errors will be removed, arising on the one hand from the ignorance of the philosopher in anatomy, and on the other of the anatomist in philosophy.

'From the preceding observations, deduced from the structure of the eye in different animals, it appears that there are two modes of adjusting the eye, one for seeing in air, the other for seeing in water: and it is probably the want of this knowledge that has misled former inquirers, by confining their researches to the discovery of some one principle common to the eyes of all animals.

'The crystalline lens, as the most conspicuous part, engrossed their whole attention, and they did not think any of the others capable of giving material assistance in producing so curious an effect.

'The ciliary processes, from their connection with the lens, were by some believed capable of bringing it forwards; by others they were supposed to contract, and by that action elongate the eye, and remove the lens further from the retina: but these processes could never bring the lens forwards, unless the cornea was also moved forwards; for the lens and processes forming a complete septum, the aqueous humour would prevent the lens from making any advance in that direction: and the processes themselves are neither strong enough in their muscular power, nor sufficiently attached to the coats of the eye, to alter its form by their contraction. In birds likewise, the bony rim renders this impossible.

'That the axis of vision is really lengthened, and the lens moved forwards, for the purpose of adjusting the eye to see near objects, is rendered highly probable, since all the facts I have been able to collect seem to point out these changes: nor can the action of the external muscles increase the curvature of the cornea without producing them.

'If the axis of vision being lengthened was believed by some physiologists to produce the whole adjustment of the eye to see near objects; if the crystalline lens being moved forwards was supposed

supposed by others to do the same thing; and if the cornea being rendered more convex appeared at the first view equally to account for it; all the three, when combined for that purpose, must undoubtedly be considered as sufficient to produce the effect.' P. 24.

Art. II. Some Particulars in the Anatomy of a Whale. By Mr. John Abernethy. Communicated by Everard Home, Esq. F. R. S.

The writer begins his account with an extraordinary prelude—

'There are some particulars in the anatomy of the whale, which, I believe, have either entirely escaped observation, or have not been as yet communicated to the public.' P. 27.

If the writer had said *many* particulars, he would have been nearer the truth: the anatomy of the whale is far from complete; and in showing the distribution of the mesenteric vessels and lacteals of this fish, he certainly has contributed his 'mite to the general stock of our knowledge on this subject.' The result of the inquiry is—

'That in the whale there are two ways by which the chyle can pass from the intestines into the thoracic duct; one of these is through those lacteals, which pour the absorbed chyle into bags, in which it receives an addition of animal fluids. The other passage for the chyle is through those lacteals which form a plexus on the inside of the bags: through these vessels it passes with some difficulty, on account of their communications with each other; and it is conveyed by them to the thoracic duct, in the same state that it was when first imbibed from the intestines. The lacteals, which pour the chyle into the bags, are similar to those which terminate in the cells of the mesenteric glands of other animals: there is also an analogy between the distribution of the lacteals on the inside of these bags, and that which we sometimes observe on the outside of the lymphatic glands in general. In either case, a certain number of the vasa inferentia, as they are termed, communicate with one another, and with other vessels, named vasa efferentia.

'By this communication, the progress of the fluids contained in these vessels is in some degree checked; which impediment increases the effusion into the cavities of the gland made by the other lacteals: but should these cavities be obstructed, from disease, or other causes, an increased determination of fluids into the communicating absorbents must happen, which would overcome the resistance produced by their mutual inosculations, and the contents of the vessels would be driven forwards towards the trunk of the system. In the whale, as in other animals, we find that the impediment, occasioned by this communication of lacteals, is greatest in the first glands at which they arrive after having left the intestines.

‘The ready termination of so many arteries in the mesenteric glands of the whale, makes it appear probable, that there is a copious secretion of fluids mixed with the absorbed chyle; and, as I have before observed, a slimy bloody-coloured fluid was found in them. As the orifices of the veins were open, it appears probable that the contents of the bags might pass in some degree into those vessels.’
P. 30.

Art. III. An Account of the late Discovery of Native Gold in Ireland. In a Letter from John Lloyd, Esq. F. R. S. to Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. K. B. P. R. S.

Art. IV. A Mineralogical Account of the Native Gold lately discovered in Ireland. In a Letter from Abraham Mills, Esq. to Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. K. B. P. R. S.

The information in these two papers has been communicated in so many shapes to the public, that the subject ceases to be an object of curiosity. We may observe, however, that our neighbours the Irish must be exceedingly deficient in the spirit of enterprise, or exceedingly ignorant in the art of mining, if they do not speedily ascertain the value of their mountain.

Art. V. The Construction and Analysis of Geometrical Propositions, determining the Positions assumed by Homogeneous Bodies which float freely, and at rest, on a Fluid’s Surface; also determining the Stability of Ships, and of other Floating Bodies. By George Atwood, Esq. F. R. S.

This is a very ingenious paper; and, if our ship-builders were men of science, they would derive, we are convinced, much useful information from its contents. Naval architecture cannot, however, be reckoned as yet among our sciences: but the philosopher has so many data from the different modes of building by different nations, that, with a proper degree of attention to the advantages and disadvantages of each as described by the common sailors, he might form the rudiments of a science, which, by the efforts of succeeding generations, would, like other sciences, be carried forwards to perfection. It is to be lamented, however, that the spirit of commerce and the spirit of improvement are not linked very closely together: yet the merchant would gain a ten-fold advantage by encouraging those inquiries, the result of which would be the building of better ships, and the diminution of the price of insurance.

When a solid body rests in a fluid, the centres of gravity of the whole and of the part immersed must, it is evident, be in the same vertical line. Consequently, to determine the position of a solid at rest in the fluid, it is necessary to know the specific gravities of each, and to place the body in such a manner

manner in the fluid, that the vertical line shall pass through the centres of gravity of the whole and the part immersed. In regular bodies this is not difficult; but supposing it done, in many cases, from the least motion in the fluid, the position of the solid will be changed, and it will continue to vibrate till it has gained another situation, in which the centres of gravity of the whole and the part immersed are in the same vertical line. In this new situation, the water may again be moved, and the body will vibrate a little; but, on the water becoming smooth, it will return to this last situation.

From considering these cases, three different species of equilibrium present themselves for our examination—

‘ 1st. The equilibrium of stability, in which the solid floats permanently in a given position,

‘ 2dly. The equilibrium of instability, in which case the solid, although its centre of gravity and that of the part immersed are in the same vertical line, spontaneously oversets, unless sustained by external force. This kind of equilibrium is similar to that which subsists when a needle, or other sharp-pointed body, is placed vertically on a smooth horizontal surface.

‘ 3dly. The third species, being a limit between the two former, is called the equilibrium of indifference, or the insensible equilibrium, in which the solid rests on the fluid indifferent to motion, without tendency to right itself when inclined, or to incline itself further.’ P. 51.

To determine these equilibria, cannot but be a matter of difficulty: and the little knowledge of artists on this subject, as well as the diversity of opinion in mathematicians, show that they merit the severest investigation. In this inquiry, the name of the axis of motion is given to the axis round which the solid revolves while it changes its situation on a fluid’s surface: and—

‘ The axis of motion, round which the solid revolves, having been determined, and the specific gravity being known, it appears from the preceding observations, that the positions of permanent floating will be obtained, first by finding the several positions of equilibrium through which the solid may be conceived to pass, while it revolves round the axis of motion; and secondly, by determining in which of those positions the equilibrium is permanent, and in which of them it is momentary and unstable.’ P. 54.

From the want of plates, and the impracticability of bringing into a small compass the elegance of our author’s demonstrations without doing them manifest injury, we must content ourselves with saying, that some general theorems are laid down from taking a floating body of a regular figure,

which are afterwards referred to parallelopipeds, parabolical conoids, and hence just observations are made on the motions of ships. We shall give, in the writer's own words, enough to excite the scientific reader to investigate the theory—

‘ It would be improper, in a disquisition not written on the practice of naval architecture, to enter into further detail on this subject. By what has preceded, it is evidently seen that the stability of vessels may be determined for any angles at which they are inclined from the position of equilibrium, as well as for those which are very small. In both cases it is necessary that the position of the centre of gravity of the ship, and that of the part immersed, when the ship floats upright, should be known; practical methods of mensuration are required, in both cases, to ascertain these points. When the angles of inclination are very small, to find the ship's stability, it is necessary to measure the successive ordinates or breadths of the ship on a level with the water's surface, and when the angles of heeling are not limited, but are considered as being of any magnitude, the requisite mensurations are indeed more troublesome, but are not liable to more errors in execution than in the former case, when the angles are limited to those which are evanescent.

‘ The theorems for measuring the stability of ships, which are founded on assuming the angles of inclination from the position of equilibrium evanescent, explain, in the most satisfactory manner, the principles on which the stability of ships, when heeled to small angles of inclination, is founded; they also ascertain when ships or other bodies float on the water permanently in a given position of equilibrium, or overset. But this can scarcely ever be an object of inquiry in respect of ships, which are always constructed so as to float upright, even before any ballast or lading has been added to them.

‘ Mons. Romme, in his valuable work on naval architecture, intituled *L'Art de la Marine*, published at Paris in the year 1787, informs his readers (p. 106), that the French ship of the line of 74 guns, called *Le Scipion*, was first fitted for sea at Rochfort in the year 1779. As soon as the ship was floated in deep water, a suspicion arose that she wanted stability; to ascertain this point the guns were run out on one side, and drawn in at the other; in consequence, the ship heeled 13 inches (probably meaning at the greatest measure on the side of the vessel): by adding the weight of the men brought to the same side, the depth of heeling increased to 24 inches. This being a degree of instability, which was deemed too great to be admitted in a ship of war, the ship was ordered into port, that some remedy might be applied to the defect which had been discovered. M. Romme proceeds to relate, that a difference of opinion prevailed amongst the engineers respecting the cause of
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this imperfection in the ship, and the remedies by which it might be corrected. The chief engineer, who was sent from Paris to Rochfort to direct what measures ought to be adopted on this occasion, and for rectifying the like fault in two other ships of war, L'Hercule and Le Pluton, was of opinion, that the stability of the ship Le Scipion would be sufficiently increased by altering the quality and disposition of the ballast. The original ballast of the Scipio had been 84 tons of iron and 100 tons of stone; according to the new arrangement of the chief engineer, the ballast was composed of 198 tons of iron and 122 tons of stone. But as a ship of war does not admit of any alteration in the total displacement or immersed volume, to compensate for the additional weight of ballast, amounting to 136 tons, the quantity of water with which the ship had been supplied was diminished by the weight of 136 tons. This alteration must necessarily have the effect of lowering the centre of gravity of the vessel, and thereby of increasing its stability: but, on trial, this increase was by no means sufficient; the diminution of heeling measured on the vessel's side being only 4 inches. After this and other ineffectual attempts, the defect of stability was at length remedied by applying a bandage or sheathing of light wood to the exterior sides of the vessel, from 1 foot to 4 inches in thickness, extending throughout the whole length of the water line, and 10 feet beneath it.

‘ This account shews that the theory of stability, restrained to cases in which the angles of inclination, or heeling, are very small, cannot be relied on for ascertaining the requisite stability of ships in the practice of navigation. It must be supposed that the weight and dimensions of every part of this ship were exactly known to the engineers, yet we observe that the instability was not certainly ascertained, but suspected only to exist when the ship was first set afloat in deep water; and after this defect had been discovered by the experiment which has been related, the cause was sought for in vain, and the remedy at length was stumbled upon by accident, rather than adopted from any knowledge of the principles by which the application of it might have been directed.

‘ It seems allowable to suppose, that if rules for ascertaining stability correspondent to any different angles of heeling, similar to those which are demonstrated in page 60, and exemplified in page 115 of this tract, had been applied to the case in question, they would have discovered that an error in the form given to the sides of the vessel was the principal cause of the defective stability, and would have suggested the remedy accordingly; or rather would have prevented the necessity of having recourse to it, by previously shewing the original defects in the plan of the ship.

‘ The force of stability by which ships, when inclined round the longer axis from their position of equilibrium through different angles, endeavour to regain that position, is to be considered in two

points of view respecting the motion of a vessel at sea; first, in relation to the resistance by which it opposes any force that may be applied to incline the ship, for instance, that of the wind; in which case the ship's stability, and the impulse of the wind, constitute a species of equilibrium as long as the wind continues of the same intensity. Secondly, the force of stability is to be considered as operating on the ship, after the force by which it has been inclined ceases, to restore the vessel to its upright position; the ship being continually impelled by the force of stability, revolves round an horizontal axis, passing through the centre of gravity with an increasing velocity, till it arrives at its upright position; and afterwards with a velocity continually retarded, till it arrives at the greatest inclination on the other side. This rolling of the ship, with alternate acceleration and retardation of the angular velocity, will evidently depend on the force by which the angular motion is generated; that is, on the force of stability, and its variation corresponding to the several angular distances of the vessel from its upright position; from this cause arises one of the principal difficulties in the practice of naval architecture; *i. e.* to give a vessel a sufficient degree of stability, and at the same time to avoid the inconveniences which proceed from an angular velocity of rolling, increasing and decreasing too rapidly. It is certain that the variation of the force of stability depends principally on the shape given to the sides of the vessel, which admit of being so constructed (all other circumstances permitting) that the force shall increase either slowly or rapidly to its limit.

From the preceding investigations we observe that some floating bodies, during their inclination from 0° to 90° , pass through a position of equilibrium, in which the force of stability becomes evanescent: in other bodies, no limit of this kind takes place; a difference which depends partly on their forms, and partly on the disposition of the centres of gravity of the solids and of the immersed volumes. It may be satisfactory to consider, in a general view, the effects produced on the motion of ships by the different proportions of their stability while they are inclined round the longer axes. If a vessel should be of a cylindrical form, floating with its axis horizontal, the vertical sections must necessarily be equal circles: supposing the centre of gravity of such a cylinder to be situated out of the axis, the vessel will float permanently with its centre of gravity, and the centre of the section passing through it, in the same vertical line: if such a vessel should be inclined from the upright by external force, it will be impelled in a contrary direction by the force of stability, which increases exactly in the proportion of the sine of the angle of inclination: it is plain, therefore, that a vessel of this description, during its inclination by heeling, cannot arrive at any limit where the force of stability is evanescent; on the contrary, it must continually increase until the inclination is augmented

augmented to 90° , where it will have become greater than at any other angle.

‘ Let another case be assumed : suppose the form of the vessel to be a square paralleliped, floating permanently with one of the flat surfaces upward ; when this solid has been inclined round the longer axis through 45 degrees, the stability will be evanescent, and the least inclination greater than that angle will cause the vessel to overfet : in this case, as the vessel is gradually inclined from the upright, the stability will first increase to a maximum, and afterwards decrease ; differing altogether from the variation of the stability in the preceding case, when the vessel was supposed to be of a cylindrical form. Although vessels are usually so constructed that during any inclination from 0° to 90° they do not pass through a position of equilibrium ; yet there seems reason to suppose that in some vessels the stability increases to a maximum, and afterwards decreases when the angle of inclination is farther augmented : whenever a vessel of this description should be inclined beyond the angle where the stability is greatest, the following consequence must necessarily ensue ; if the angular velocity should be considerable, the rolling of the ship will be extended to large angles of inclination, because when the stability is more and more diminished as the angle of inclination is augmented, more time will be required for the diminished force to react against the ponderous mass of the vessel, in order to restore it to the upright. It is certain that the angle, as well as the celerity or slowness of rolling, depend on other elements, as well as on the stability, particularly on the weight and extent of the masts and sails, and the position of the ballast and lading : but in comparing the vibrations of the same vessel through different arcs, those elements are the same, while the force of stability alters continually as the angles of inclination are increased or diminished.’
P. 116.

Art. VI. Account of the Discovery of a new Comet. By Miss Caroline Herschel. In a Letter to Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. K. B. P. R. S.

Miss Herschel discovered a comet in November, 1795, whose places are thus given by her—

Nov. 7.	ⁿ 0 33	RA	ⁿ 20 3 48	PD	^o 49 17 18
	3 37		20 0 58		49 37 18

and she tells us, that it will pass between the head of the swan and the lyre, in going towards the sun. Its motion was then retrograde. But a remark of her brother, from an observation on November 9, is of more importance—

‘ 21^h 59’. The comet is now centrally upon a small star north follow-

following 15 Cygni. It is a small telescopic star of about the 11th or 12th magnitude, and is double, very unequal, the smallest of the two being much smaller than the largest.

‘With a power of 287 I can see the smallest of the two stars perfectly well; this shews how little density there is in the comet, which is evidently nothing but what may be called a collection of vapours.’ P. 133.

Art. VII. Mr. Jones’s Computation of the Hyperbolic Logarithm of 10 improved: being a Transformation of the Series which he used in that Computation to others which converge by the Powers of 80. To which is added a Post-script, containing an Improvement of Mr. Emerson’s Computation of the same Logarithm. By the Rev. John Hellins, Vicar of Potter’s Pury, in Northamptonshire. Communicated by Nevil Maskelyne, D.D. F.R.S. and Astronomer Royal.

By increasing the convergency of a series, the operation is much facilitated; and in this case the new series offer advantages, which will be seized by every person employed in this sort of calculation.

Art. VIII. Manière élémentaire d’obtenir les Suites par lesquelles s’expriment les Quantités exponentielles et les Fonctions trigonométriques des Arcs circulaires. Par M. Simon L’Huillier, F. R. S.

We cannot conceive what possible reason there could be, —unless to avoid a little trouble may be called a sufficient reason,—for giving this article in a modern language different from our own. There is nothing in the style which renders it difficult to be translated; and it is too great a compliment to the French language, to require every mathematician in England to be acquainted with it.—The paper is both useful and ingenious. It is divided into three parts, the first on logarithms; the second on the sines, cosines, and tangents, of circular arcs; the third on the analogy between logarithms and the trigonometrical functions of circular arcs.

Every person at all acquainted with these subjects knows the difficulty in which, to a learner, they are at present involved: and an elementary mode of arriving at the same conclusions is evidently advantageous. This is given to us in a very neat manner by the writer of this paper. He lays down as a lemma, that ‘the differences of the natural numbers of an order, expressed by the exponent of these powers, is a constant quantity.’

‘The first differences of the natural numbers are unity; and the following differences vanish.

The first differences of the square numbers are $n^2 - (n-1)^2$

or $2n-1$. Therefore the second differences are 1×2 , and the next differences vanish.

The first differences of the cubes are $n^3 - (n-1)^3$, or $3n^2 - 3n + 1$. Therefore the third differences are $1.2.3$, and the next differences vanish.

Generally the first differences of the m th power are $n^m - (n-1)^m$, and the m th differences are $1.2.3 \dots m$, and the next differences vanish.

Upon this lemma is built the future investigation. A geometrical series is laid down $1, a, a^2, a^3 \dots a^{n-1}$, of which the various orders of differences are taken; substitutions are made from the preceding lemma, and hence is easily brought

out the series $1 - v + v^2 - v^3 + v^4 = \frac{1}{1+v} = \frac{A \times \phi \log. 1+v}{v}$

By the same mode of deduction, we obtain the usual series for the sines and tangents of circular arcs; and this mode, we have no doubt, will soon appear in an English dress in our common elementary books.

Art. IX. On the Method of observing the Changes that happen to the Fixed Stars; with some Remarks on the Stability of the Light of our Sun. To which is added, a Catalogue of comparative Brightness, for ascertaining the Permanency of the Lustre of Stars. By William Herschel, LL. D. F. R. S.

Every thing is changeable in this world: and the true philosopher is gratified by the observation of the changes, and the causes which produced them. In some cases the change may be so small, that a length of years is necessary to make it perceptible; and in many cases, from the first state not having been sufficiently ascertained, the variation is rendered doubtful. From a combination of observations and reasonings upon them, it appears probable that very great changes have taken place in the brightness of the stars and of our sun: but how are the former changes to be ascertained without a proper standard? and where is that standard to be discovered? Still astronomers may be usefully employed in comparing together various stars, and in forming catalogues according to their brightness. An experienced observer like Dr. Herschel may in some cases be deceived: but great reliance may be placed on his skill. The method which he has laid down is very simple. The stars in each constellation are arranged in one series; and various marks are set down for the ascertaining of their comparative brightness. Thus a catalogue is made of the brightness of the stars in nine constellations; and in time the brightness of all in our hemisphere will be determined. From a comparison of this catalogue with that of Flamsteed,

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great changes have evidently taken place : but, if our present observer continues his career, posterity will be enabled to form a better judgment of the extent of these changes, and may thence arrive to the knowledge of the cause. This country, perhaps, is not very favourable for such exertions : but when men have got rid of the folly of killing each other to gratify the caprice of half a dozen, oftentimes insignificant and still oftener wicked, individuals,—or, what is as bad, for the monopolising of some of the comforts of the earth to themselves,—there are hopes that we may have observers in those parts of the globe which are best suited to astronomical observations.

Art. X. Experiments and Observations on the Inflection, Reflection, and Colours of Light. By Henry Brougham, Jun. Esq. Communicated by Sir Charles Blagden, Knt. Sec. R. S.

The experiments of sir Isaac Newton are well known to our readers ; and it is equally well known, that the subject was by no means exhausted by him. To the writer of the present paper we are indebted for the description of a series of very curious and nice experiments, which the limits of our plan do not permit us to give at large : and it would suffer too much by an abridgment. From his first experiments he learnt that the parts of light differ in flexibility ; and this naturally led him to inquire ‘in what proportion the angle of inflection is to that of deflection at equal incidences ; and secondly, what proportion the different flexibilities of the different rays bear to one another.’ In this inquiry, his experiments led him to the following conclusions—

‘ The first experiment shows, that all sorts of light, whether direct, or reflected, or refracted, produces colours by reflection from a curve surface. From the second we learn, that these colours are distinct images or spectra of the luminous body, much dilated in length, but not at all in breadth ; and that the angle of incidence being changed, the dilatation of the images is also changed : and from the third experiment it appears, that each full image is composed of seven colours ; red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet ; and that the proper order is red outermost, and violet innermost, the rest being in their order. The fourth experiment shows, that these images are produced, not by any accidental or new modification impressed on the rays, but by the white light being decomposed by reflection ; that the mean rays, or those at the confine of the green and blue, are reflected at an angle equal to that of incidence, and the red at a less, the violet at a greater angle. Experiments 5th and 6th prove, beyond a doubt, the decomposition and separation of the rays by reflection ; for in both we see that the colours in the images are those, and those only, which were mixed

in the ray by reflection or refraction, before and at incidence, whilst the 6th is (in addition) a proof that all the rays of any one image, if mixed together, compound a beam exactly similar to the beam that was at first decomposed. The 7th experiment shows, that the colours into which the rays are separated by reflection are homogeneous and unchangeable; that they differ in flexibility and refrangibility; that they bear the same part in forming images by reflection, and fringes by flexion, and colours from thin plates, which the rays separated by the prism do: and in the 8th experiment we see, that when the rays are placed in the same situation with respect to refraction, whether out of a rarer into a denser or a denser into a rarer medium, in which they before were with respect to reflection, the position of the colours produced is diametrically opposite in the two cases. Seeing then that in all sorts of light, direct, refracted, reflected, simple, and homogeneous, or heterogeneous and compounded, and in whatever way the separation and mixture may have been made, some of the rays at equal or the same incidences are constantly reflected nearer the perpendicular than the mean rays, and others not so near; and seeing that by such reflection the compound ray, of whatever kind, is separated into parts so simple that they can never more be changed; and considering the different places to which these parts are reflected; it is evident, that the sun's light consists of parts different in reflexivity, and that those which are least refrangible are most reflexible. By reflexivity, I here mean a disposition to be reflected near to the perpendicular in any degree.

‘ Although I have given what I take to be sufficient proof of this property of light, yet I am aware that something more is requisite. It will be asked, why does neither a plain, a common convex, nor a common concave mirror separate the rays by reflection? This is what has always hindered us from even suspecting such a thing as different reflexivity. I shall, however, take an opportunity of removing this obstacle, in the second part of the plan, when I come to explain the reason of the colours made by the reflecting body, and the manner of their formation.’ P. 244.

The experiments and observations next made enabled him

‘ To give a very short summary of optical science. When the particles of light pass at a certain distance from any body, a repulsive power drives them off; at a distance a little less, this power becomes attractive; at a still less distance, it again becomes repulsive; and at the least distance, it becomes attractive as before; always acting in the same direction. These things hold whatever be the direction of the particles; but if, when produced, it passes through the body, then the nearest repulsive force drives the particles back, and the nearest attractive force either transmits them, or turns them out of their course during transmission. Farther, the particles

particles differ in their dispositions to be acted upon by this power, in all these varieties of exertion; and those which are most strongly affected by its exertion in one case, are also most strongly affected by that exertion when varied; except in the cases of refraction, of which we before spoke; and these dispositions of the parts are in all the cases in the same harmonical ratio. Lastly, the cause of these different dispositions is the magnitude of the particles being various.' P. 266.

After describing his last set of experiments, our author gives us the result of his observations in the following propositions—

'*Prop. I.* The angles of inflection and deflection are equal, at equal incidences.

'*Prop. II.* The sine of inflection is to that of incidence in a given ratio (which is determined in the paper.)

'*Prop. III.* The sun's light consists of parts which differ in degree of inflexibility and deflexibility, those which are most refrangible being least flexible.

'*Prop. IV.* The flexibilities of the rays are inversely as their refrangibilities; and the spectrum by flexion is divided by the harmonical ratio, like the spectrum by refraction.

'*Prop. V.* The angle of reflection is not equal to that of incidence, except in particular (though common) combinations of circumstances, and in the mean rays of the spectrum.

'*Prop. VI.* The rays which are most refrangible are least reflexible, or make the least angle of reflection.

'*Prop. VII.* The reflexibilities of the different rays are inversely as their refrangibilities, and the spectrum by reflection is divided in the harmonical ratio, like that by refraction.

'*Prop. VIII.* The sines of reflection of the different rays are in given ratios to those of incidence (which are determined in the paper.)

'*Prop. IX.* The ratio of the sizes of the different parts of light are found.

'*Prop. X.* The colours of natural bodies are found to depend on the different reflexibilities of the rays, and sometimes on their flexibilities.

'*Prop. XI.* The rays of light are reflected, refracted, inflected, and deflected, by one and the same power, variously exerted in different circumstances.' P. 276.

Art. XI. Meteorological Journal, kept at the Apartments of the Royal Society, by order of the President and Council.

The chief thing which struck us here, is the same that we have already noted,—the remarkable agreement between Mr. Six's thermometer and the common thermometer without doors.

doors. As we said before, there was no such agreement during a long series of observations made by ourselves; and we wish that the persons, who for the last year have kept a meteorological journal with Six's and the common thermometer, would compare together their journal with this kept by the society for the last year, and favour us with the result of their comparison. The question is, how many times in the course of the year, did Six's column agree with the common thermometer column? The answer to this question is interesting to the public.

Edward. Various Views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners, chiefly in England. By the Author of Zeluco. 2 Vols. 8vo. 16s. Boards. Cadell and Davies. 1796.

THE celebrity which Dr. Moore has justly acquired in this particular walk of literature by the production of his *Zeluco*, has operated upon the expectation of the public, to whom the present publication has been long since announced, in a manner at once flattering to the author and unfavourable to the reception of the work. Expectations highly raised are seldom fully gratified: and the writer who has once produced a favourite piece, experiences too often a formidable rival to any subsequent one, in his own fame. It is not necessary, however, in order to form a just estimate of our new acquaintance *Edward*, to draw invidious comparisons between him and any old acquaintance to whom we may have been partial:—let each stand upon his own merit.

Edward will be found to have little claim to notice upon the common ground of these productions, an interest created by the hero of the story; for the thread of adventure by which he is connected with the other characters of the piece, is slight; and in general the incidents are such as barely keep up its title to the name of a regular novel: but it has great merit as a series of conversation-pieces, exhibiting sketches of real life and manners. In this way of writing Dr. Moore excels; and his knowledge of characters, shrewdness of remark, and strokes of genuine humour, are calculated to afford much instruction and entertainment. The characters that are exhibited with most effect, are a Mr. Barnet, who is a good portrait, not only of an individual, but of a class. Indolent and self-indulgent, the pleasures of a good table are his *summum bonum*; and having never had occasion to cultivate his faculties by any personal exertion, he sinks into that kind of lethargy which is too common with men of easy fortunes after the middle term of life.—His wife,
a woman

a woman of sense and temper, under the veil of constant acquiescence in her husband's way of thinking, has the dexterity to keep his propensities within tolerable bounds, and to lead him into occasional acts of beneficence. Lord Torpid, Carnaby Shadow, and others of the *fainéant* tribe, are well delineated.

Of the character of Mr. Barnet the following scene may give a specimen.—Mrs. Barnet wishing to go out on a visit of charity—

‘ That she might have the more time for this jaunt, no company being invited but the parson, she proposed next day to her husband, that they should dine a little earlier than usual; and to induce him to agree to her proposal, she hinted that two or three of his favourite dishes were ordered for dinner.

‘ He immediately assented; but unfortunately when the dinner was served, Mr. Barnet had little or no appetite, and was in very ill-humour. It is not quite clear whether his ill-humour deprived him of appetite, or his want of appetite put him into ill-humour; but it is certain, that he sat down to dinner with both those disagreeable guests, and as the first was greatly disliked by Mr. Barnet, and the second by his wife, it is probable that neither was invited, but that the one introduced the other.

‘ Mr. Barnet had hardly tasted the carp, till he declared that it was not sufficiently done.—It was immediately sent back to the cook. On its return, Barnet swore it was worse than at first, quite over-stewed, and absolutely not eatable.—“ This mutton, however, is excellent, my dear,” said Mrs. Barnet, “ shall I have the pleasure of helping you to a little?”

“ No—I am surfeited with mutton,” answered Barnet peevishly.—“ But I wish you had only thought of ordering some of the venison we had yesterday to be stewed.—I should have liked a little of that; but no such thing is ever thought of in my family.”

‘ As he finished his observation, a footman entered with a dish of stewed venison.

“ I am glad, my dear,” said Mrs. Barnet, “ that it has happened to be thought of to-day.”

‘ Barnet was more disappointed at losing a pretext for venting his ill-humour, than pleased at the appearance of the dish. After swallowing a few mouthfuls, he sent it away, saying, “ it was smoked.”

“ Allow me to help you to a wing of a chicken, my dear,” resumed Mrs. Barnet; “ you used to like chicken, with a slice of tongue.”

“ Is the tongue smoked?” said Barnet.

“ No, my dear,” replied his wife.

“ Then I am for none of either,” said Barnet; “ though, if the tongue had been smoked instead of the venison, I might have made a tolerable dinner.”

‘ Mrs. Barnet nodded to a footman, who immediately withdrew.

“ It is very hard,” continued Mr. Barnet, “ that they should have spoiled one dish, by what would have rendered the other excellent.”

“ It is fortunate, my dear, that we chance to have a very good smoked tongue also,” said Mrs. Barnet; “ and here it comes,” continued she, as the servant returned. “ Pray try this wing with a slice of it.”

‘ Barnet, quite at a loss what fault to find next, accepted the dish with which his wife presented him; but being entirely without appetite, after mincing the meat, and playing a little with the knife and fork, he gave his plate to a footman, saying, “ I think I should prefer something cold; but I suppose there is no cold meat in the house.”

“ Forgive me, my dear, you may have either a slice of cold beef or cold veal; which do you chuse?” said Mrs. Barnet.

“ Is there any cold mutton?” the husband asked.

“ I do not remember to have ever seen you eat cold mutton,” replied the wife.

“ I should like it very much at present, however,” said Barnet: and having at length hit on what he thought a just cause of discontent, continued grumbling till the dinner was removed; and Mrs. Barnet now perceiving that he had more satisfaction in that, than in any thing that could be done or said to please him, allowed him to enjoy it without interruption, until he happened to say, “ I thought you intended to drive out this afternoon?”

‘ Mrs. Barnet immediately took the hint, wished her husband and the parson a good afternoon; and taking Evilen into the carriage with her, she ordered the coachman to drive to the soldier’s hut.’ Vol. i. p. 141.

Mr. Barnet’s life is afterwards saved by the soldier above-mentioned: and on many hints from his wife to show his gratitude in a more substantial way than thanks,—

‘ Mr. Barnet at last understood her meaning; and taking the soldier by the hand, he said, “ I am sensible, friend, how much my wife and I are indebted to you, and am resolved to settle forty pounds a-year upon you for life.”

“ God bless your honour,” cried the soldier; “ but, indeed it is too much, a great deal too much.”

“ If you think so,” said Barnet, whose innate narrowness of soul began to operate, “ it shall be only thirty.” Vol. ii. p. 47.

We shall give, likewise, the following conversation, which, though not new in incident, is written with ease and humour, between Carnaby, a weak young man, and colonel Snug, a gentleman sharper—

‘ After the play the colonel proposed to Carnaby that they should sup *tête-à-tête* at a tavern. While supper was preparing they played a few games at picquet; the colonel won fifteen guineas, which Mr. Shadow paid with alacrity, being in high spirits from the idea of his having made so valuable an acquaintance, and from the honours that had been conferred on him in the course of the night. After supper the colonel proposed hazard, only, as he said, to preclude drinking, and to kill another half hour before they went to bed. The dice run in favour of Carnaby. The colonel was at this time what is called tied up; that is, he had engaged to forfeit a thousand pounds, in case he should at any time within twelve months, lose above fifty pounds in a night. “ I owe you sixty-five pounds,” said he.

“ Precisely,” replied Carnaby.

“ Be so good then as to give me thirty-five pounds,” said the colonel, taking out his pocket-book, “ and here is a note of a hundred.”

‘ Carnaby counted out five guineas, with a thirty pound note, which the colonel took and put in his purse, and then, examining the papers in his pocket-book, “ You are in high luck to-night, my friend; here is your hundred pounds—What! how is this! Upon my soul, I believe I have left the note in my *escritoir*—even so—Well, it does not signify, I shall send it to you the very first thing I do in the morning.—Here, waiter, take your money, and call my carriage. Good night, my dear Shadow——*au plaisir*——”

‘ Carnaby was a little confounded at an arrangement he neither expected nor relished, yet he could not help admiring the easy manner in which the colonel conducted himself in circumstances which would have been embarrassing to most people; and he recollected with complacency the kind manner in which he had been treated by a person who had it in his power, as well as inclination, to introduce him to the intimacy of some of the highest names in point of fashion, that this island can boast. He heard nothing of any message from the colonel the following morning; this surprised him a little; but what surprised him more was in the evening to hear that the colonel had gone with lord —— to the country.

‘ This intelligence certainly chagrined Mr. Shadow as much as it surprised him; and both impressions were augmented when at the end of a month he found that the colonel was not yet returned to town, and understood from his banker that he had heard nothing of the five hundred pounds.

‘ The colonel, however, came to town at last; he had, indeed, been eight days in it before Carnaby knew any thing of the matter; and there is no knowing how long he might have remained ignorant had he not seen the colonel in his chariot one forenoon, as he fauntered along Piccadilly. Carnaby endeavoured to catch the colonel’s eye, and thought he had succeeded, but unfortunately at that

that instant he turned his head and looked the opposite way. Carnaby even had some suspicion that the colonel had actually seen him; but this suspicion was entirely removed from Mr. Shadow's mind soon after, when having met the colonel unexpectedly as he turned the corner of St. James's-street into Pall-Mall, their eyes met so directly that there was no possibility of evasion; the colonel, therefore, with admirable presence of mind, seized his hand in the most cordial manner, exclaiming, "My dear Shadow! the very man I was looking for; where have you been? Lord—I was called so unexpectedly into the country—" but seeing a noble duke passing, he suddenly said, "Good God! here is the duke of ——! Allow me to introduce my friend Mr. Shadow to your grace. Well, excuse me, my dear Carnaby; I have some business with his grace—Adieu; depend on hearing from me soon." So saying, the colonel walked away with the duke, and left Carnaby delighted with what had passed, and fully convinced of the sincerity of the colonel's professions, and that the debt would be paid with expedition and gratitude. He imputed the delays that had hitherto occurred to that careless disposition to which men of rank and fashion are peculiarly subject. He was also aware that nothing was more vulgar, or had more the air of a tradesman, than a dun; and he so much dreaded the idea of appearing to the colonel in that point of view, that although he met him frequently after this rencounter, he avoided giving him the least hint respecting the debt; he carried his delicacy even the length of sometimes affecting not to see him; and although he was truly melancholy at heart for the want of his money, yet as often as he was brought so near the colonel that he could not pretend not to see him, he assumed a gay countenance, and endeavoured to imitate that easy air of indifference which he admired in that gentleman.

After waiting a considerable time in expectation that his patience would be rewarded by a thankful payment, and being himself very much pressed for money, Carnaby formed the resolution to give the colonel a hint concerning the debt, and for that purpose he followed him into a fruit-shop, which the colonel had entered to avoid meeting him. After the first salutation, colonel Snug plainly perceived what Carnaby was resolved on, from the emotion of his countenance, the embarrassment of his manner, and his indistinct pronunciation, interrupted by a frequent cough; to cut the matter short therefore, throwing his arm around Carnaby's shoulder, and with a gay familiar swagger, drawing him out of the shop, the colonel said, "I don't know how the devil it has happened, my dear friend, that I have so long delayed paying the money I owe you—six or seven hundred pounds I believe it is."

"Only six, colonel," interrupted Carnaby.

"Are you sure it is only six? I had a notion that it was seven, and intended to have sent you seven the day after to-morrow, when

I am to receive a remittance from the country in a bill payable at sight for that precise sum; and the moment the post arrives on Thursday I shall send it you; so that, my dear Shadow, if you will give me just now an order on your banker for an hundred, I shall be much obliged to you, and the whole business will be settled at once, by my sending you seven hundred the day after to-morrow, when I receive the remittance."

' Mr. Shadow being surprised and disappointed at this proposal, answered, " That he had already overdrawn so much that his banker positively refused to advance another sixpence."

" What impudent puppies those bankers are !" replied the colonel; " but it does not signify, I shall, nevertheless, send you the draught for the whole seven hundred on Thursday, and you will repay me the odd hundred, my good fellow, when we meet. Adieu, *au revoir*."

' So saying, he hurried down the street, leaving Carnaby motionless and dumb with astonishment.' Vol. ii. p. 107.

The behaviour of the same colonel to a distressed young woman, to whom the rest of the company had been giving charity, contains a good stroke upon that selfish indolence, against which great part of the satire of these volumes is directed—

' By this time colonel Snug was seated in Royston's carriage, which had arrived the moment before. When sir George was stepping in after him, he was followed to the door of the chaise by the young woman, who with an air of modesty and gratitude returned him thanks. Colonel Snug was somewhat struck also with the favourable alteration in the appearance of the young woman; and observing that there were a good many spectators, he was prompted by ostentation, with a slight mixture of good-will, to exhibit his generosity.

" La Plume," he called with an air of dignity, as he drew on his glove: " La Plume, give this young woman a couple of guineas on my account."

' When the poor woman had expressed her thankfulness for this fresh instance of liberality, La Plume came to the side of the chaise, and informed the colonel that his money was already expended all to within a few shillings, and desired five guineas more from his master that he might give two to the woman, and keep the rest for future disbursements.

" Blockhead," cried the colonel, " why did you not tell me so before I drew on my gloves; it is impossible for me now to fumble for my purse; postillion, drive on." The postillion obeyed, and the carriage disappeared.

' The rustic group who were witnesses to this scene were shocked; curses against the colonel burst from every mouth, and when they

they came to comment upon his conduct, the general construction was, that he had ordered the two guineas to be given from sheer vanity, knowing that his valet had no money, and that the order could not be executed. In this, however, they were mistaken. Colonel Snug had really believed that his servant had some guineas of his money remaining, and he intended *bona fide* that two of them should have been given to the woman. The colonel was in the habit of profusion, and although always in debt, he was never in want, and therefore put little value on small sums. He had ordered the money to be given, because he was pleased with the woman's face, because she had attracted the people's attention, and because parting with two guineas by a word to his valet, gave him no trouble; whereas pulling off his glove gave him a little. The spectators had no idea that any man could so cruelly disappoint a person in the poor woman's circumstances, merely to save himself so very small a piece of trouble; for the most selfish villager has no conception of that degree of selfishness and insensibility to the feelings of others which exists among the sons of luxury and sloth in capitals, where the heart is rendered callous by the daily exhibition of profusion contrasted with want, misery with mirth, and where people are so often the witnesses or accomplices of the ruin of friends or acquaintance.' Vol. i. p. 350.

The reader will perceive, even from those passages we have quoted, that the humour in this work is somewhat diluted, —for the same reason, and much in the same manner, that the genuine milk is diluted with a thinner element by the London dealers,—to make it go the further. It is still a more serious matter of complaint, that the morals are in some instances debased to the opinions and practices of the world. Edward, though evidently meant to be exhibited as a pattern, is a man of pleasure,—much more systematically than Fielding's Tom Jones;—and he fights a duel unnecessarily, and on the most trivial occasion imaginable.

If, however, we cannot recommend these volumes as being without a blemish, we must allow that they are at once instructive and amusing, and are replete with just pictures of scenes and characters, which conduce to a knowledge of the world, and some of which may be useful in teaching young people to despise folly and avoid selfishness.

The Lives of Dr. John Donne; sir Henry Wotton; Mr. Richard Hooker; Mr. George Herbert; and Dr. Robert Sanderson. By Isaac Walton. With Notes, and the Life of the Author. By Thomas Zouch, A. M. 4to. 1l. 5s. Boards. B. and J. White. 1796.

THE persons to whose memory this work is devoted, acquired, in their times, no small degree of celebrity. Dr. Donne flourished as a theologian and a satirist; sir Henry

Wotton, as a statesman and negotiator; Hooker, as a scholar and a divine; Herbert, as an orator and a poet; and Sanderson, as a casuist. Walton, the biographer of these distinguished individuals, exerted himself with indefatigable zeal to procure the most authentic accounts of their lives; and his narratives obtained the favourable testimony of his contemporaries.

The novelties of the present publication are, a life of Walton, and a great number of annotations on the other lives. It appears that Walton was at first engaged in mercantile pursuits; that he improved his fortune by honesty, frugality, and diligence; that he retired from business at the age of fifty years; that his loyalty to the first Charles rendered him obnoxious to the popular party during the civil war; that he conciliated the favour and esteem of archbishop Usher, Chillingworth, and other eminent characters; and that he died in 1683, in the ninety-first year of his age.

To such of our readers as are accustomed to the amusement of angling, Walton is more known as an instructor in that sport, than in the capacity of a biographer. Of his publication on that subject, Mr. Zouch thus speaks in a style of rapture and enthusiasm—

‘In “The Complete Angler,” which will be always read with avidity, even by those who entertain no strong relish for the art which it professes to teach, we discover a copious vein of innocent pleasantry and good humour. The scenes descriptive of rural life are inimitably beautiful. How artless and unadorned is the language! The dialogue is diversified with all the characteristic beauties of colloquial composition. The songs and little poems, which are occasionally inserted, will abundantly gratify the reader, who has a taste for the charms of pastoral poetry. And above all, those lovely lessons of religious and moral instruction, which are so repeatedly inculcated throughout the whole work, will ever recommend this exquisitely pleasing performance.’ P. xxx.

The literary character of Walton is described in the following terms by the present writer of his life—

‘It would be highly improper to ascribe to Mr. Isaac Walton that extent of knowledge, which characterises the scholar: yet those who are conversant in his writings will probably entertain no doubt of his acquaintance with books. His frequent references to ancient and modern history, his seasonable applications of several passages in the most approved writers, his allusions to various branches of general science, these and other circumstances concur in confirming the assertion, that though he did not partake of the benefits of early erudition, yet in maturer age, he enlarged his intellectual

tellectual acquisitions, so as to render them fully proportionate to his opportunities and abilities. The fruits of his truly commendable industry he has generously consecrated to posterity. Deprived of the advantage of a learned education, he hath with great fidelity preserved the memory of those, who were "by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions, honoured in their generations; and the glory of their times," each of whom, in his edifying pages, "being dead yet speaketh." He may be literally said "to have laboured not for himself only, but for all those that seek wisdom." How interesting and affecting are many of his narratives and descriptions! The vision of ghastly horror that presented itself to Dr. Donne, at the time of his short residence in Paris,—the pleasant messages which sir Henry Wotton and the good-natured priest exchanged with each other in a church at Rome, during the time of vespers,—the domestic incidents which excited the tender commiseration of Mr. Edwin Sandys and Mr. George Cranmer, while they visited their venerable tutor at his country parsonage of Drayton Beauchamp,—the affectionate and patient condescension of Mr. George Herbert, compassionating the distresses of the poor woman of Bemerton,—the interview of Dr. Sanderson and Mr. Isaac Walton accidentally meeting each other in the streets of London,—these and numberless other similar passages will always be read with reiterated pleasure.

'We shall indeed be disappointed, if we expect to find in the following volume the brilliancy of wit, the elaborate correctness of style, or the ascetic graces and ornaments of fine composition. But that pleasing simplicity of sentiment, that plain and unaffected language, and, may I add, that natural eloquence, which pervades the whole, richly compensates the want of elegance, and rhetorical embellishment. Truth is never displayed to us in more grateful colours, than when she appears, not in a garish attire, but in her own native garb, without artifice, without pomp. In that garb Isaac Walton has arrayed her. Deeply impressed with the excellence of those exemplary characters which he endeavours to portray, he speaks no other language than that of the heart, and thus imparts to the reader his own undisguised sentiments, so friendly to piety and virtue. Assuredly, no pleasure can be placed in competition with that, which results from the view of men sedulously adjusting their actions with integrity and honour. To accompany them, as it were, along the path of life, to join in their conversation, to observe their demeanour in various situations, to contemplate their acts of charity and beneficence, to attend them into their closets, to behold their ardour of piety and devotion; in short, to establish, as it were, a friendship and familiarity with them,—this doubtless, must be pronounced an happy anticipation of that holy intercourse, which will, I trust, subsist between beatified spirits in another and a better state.' P. xliv.

The notes, annexed by Mr. Zouch to the Life of Dr. Donne, contain biographical sketches of natives and foreigners, whose names occur in the text, besides critical remarks and incidental reflexions. Among the persons of whom we here meet with brief accounts, are, Picus, prince of Mirandula, Bellarmine, the lord-chancellor Egerton, the bishops Montague, Hall, Andrews, Duppa, and Morton. The last-mentioned divine, when he was dean of Gloucester, and was also possessed of a valuable benefice, which he might have retained with his deanery, generously offered to resign his living to Donne, as a persuasive to his pursuit of the clerical profession; an offer which, though attractive, was politely declined. When Morton made this proposal, he insisted on a postponement of the answer for three days, and on the employment of a part of that interval in fasting and prayer.

‘ This condition (says Mr. Zouch) deserves notice, as marking the high devotional spirit of the times: for it is to be remembered that this was not the proposition of an enthusiastic puritan, but of a very eminent and respectable divine of the church of England. If our ancestors carried matters of this nature too far (which there is no reason to think they did), their successors have run into the contrary extreme. A principle of piety exercised in referring our concerns to the providential direction of the Supreme Being, would be no bar to the wisdom, ability, and success of our lawful undertakings. This sentiment, that prayer and labour should co-operate, is expressed by Donne himself, in one of his poems, though with no elegance of language.

“ In none but us are such mixt engines found,
As hands of double office; for the ground
We till with them, and them to heaven we raise;
Who prayerless labours or without this prays,
Doth but one half—that’s none.” P. 40.

While we applaud the pious disposition of our annotator, we do not perfectly agree with him; for we are inclined to think that our ancestors, not only in the dark ages, but even in the last century, really ‘ carried matters of this nature too far,’ and that they might have evinced equal piety with less superstition.

The ridiculous story of the vision pretended to have been observed by Donne, might have justified a note of animadversion from Mr. Zouch; but, in the life of Walton, he has endeavoured to vindicate that author from the suspicion of credulity. In this point, however, he has not succeeded.

Donne’s defence of suicide, in his treatise called *Biathanatos*, is properly censured by Mr. Zouch, who expresses his satisfaction

faction that the system advanced in that work, has been 'accurately examined, and with great strength of argument refuted, by the rev. Charles Moore.' The author of this dangerous piece ordered that it should not be committed either to the press or to the flames; but his son disobeyed the former injunction: his conduct would have been less reprehensible, if he had contravened the latter.

We shall dismiss the subject of Donne, with the character given of him by Walton—

'He was of stature moderately tall, of a straight and equally-proportioned body; to which all his words and actions gave an inexpressible addition of comeliness.

'The melancholy and pleasant humour were in him so tempered, that each gave advantage to the other, and made his company one of the delights of mankind.

'His fancy was inimitably high, equalled only by his great wit; both being made useful by a commanding judgment.

'His aspect was cheerful, and such as gave a silent testimony of a clear knowing soul, and of a conscience at peace with itself.

'His melting eye shewed that he had a soft heart, full of compassion; of too brave a soul to offer injuries, and too much a Christian not to pardon them in others.

'He did much contemplate (especially after he entered into his sacred calling) the mercies of Almighty God, the immortality of the soul, and the joys of heaven; and would often say, in a kind of sacred ecstasy, "Blessed be God that he is God, only and divinely like himself."

'He was by nature passionate, but more apt to reluct at the excesses of it. A great lover of the offices of humanity, and of so merciful a spirit, that he never beheld the miseries of mankind without pity and relief.' P. 102.

The notes which accompany the life of sir Henry Wotton, are pleasingly illustrative; and, in some of them, biographical mention is made of the learned Isaac Casaubon, Beza, Scioppius, bishop Bedel, and others. Dr. Wotton, dean of Canterbury, who was of the same family with sir Henry, is represented as having acquired a high degree of diplomatic and political reputation; and we are informed of a dream which he communicated to queen Mary, intimating that his nephew was inclined to embark in a treasonable project, and that it would therefore be expedient to commit him to prison; a request with which the queen complied. Mr. Zouch concurs with a modern writer, who has conjectured that this dream was a mere political contrivance, the result of deep deliberation, calculated to preserve the life of one who might otherwise have engaged in the conspiracy of sir Thomas Wyatt. That this was the real case, we have little doubt.

Sir

Sir Henry Wotton was the author of that reflection which defines an ambassador to be one who is employed to tell lies for the good of his country. When he was desired, however, to give some rules for negotiatory conduct, he answered, 'that an ambassador, to be in safety himself and serviceable to his country, ought, upon all occasions, to speak the truth; for he never would be believed; and thus his truth would not only secure himself, if he should ever be called to an account, but would put his adversaries, who would still *bunt counter*, to a loss in all their disquisitions and undertakings.'

With the manner in which sir Henry passed his time, while he was provost of Eton college, Walton thus acquaints us—

'After his customary public devotions, his use was to retire into his study, and there to spend some hours in reading the bible and authors in divinity, closing up his meditations with private prayer. This was, for the most part, his employment in the forenoon. But when he was once sat down to dinner, then nothing but cheerful thoughts possessed his mind, and those still increased by constant company at his table of such persons as brought thither additions both of learning and pleasure; but some part of most days was usually spent in philosophical conclusions. Nor did he forget his innate pleasure of angling, which he would usually call "His idle time not idly spent;" saying often, "He would rather live five May months than forty Decembers."

'He was a great lover of his neighbours, and a bountiful entertainer of them very often at his table; where his meat was choice, and his discourse better.

'He was a constant cherisher of all those youths in that school, in whom he found either a constant diligence or a genius that prompted them to learning. For whose encouragement he was (besides many other things of necessity and beauty) at the charge of setting up in it two rows of pillars, on which he caused to be choicely drawn the pictures of divers of the most famous Greek and Latin historians, poets, and orators: persuading them not to neglect rhetoric, because "Almighty God has left mankind affections to be wrought upon." And he would often say, "That none despised eloquence but such dull souls as were not capable of it." He would also often make choice of some observations out of those historians and poets; and would never leave the school without dropping some choice Greek or Latin apothegm or sentence that might be worthy of a room in the memory of a growing scholar.

'He was pleased constantly to breed up one or more hopeful youths, which he picked out of the school and took into his own domestic care, and to attend him at his meals; out of whose discourse and behaviour he gathered observations for the better completing

pleting of his intended work of education : of which, by his still striving to make the whole better, he lived to leave but part to posterity.' P. 164.

To the life of Hooker, the celebrated author of the Ecclesiastical Polity, notes are profusely annexed ; but they do not call for particular remarks. In an appendix to this part of the volume, Mr. Zouch investigates the disputed point of the authenticity of the sixth and two following books of the Polity ; and he is disposed to believe that they are spurious. The grounds of this opinion appear to be satisfactory.

In one of the notes to the life of the poet Herbert, an instance of his courtly address is introduced, from bishop Hacket's life of the lord-keeper Williams—

' Having remarked' (says Mr. Zouch) ' that the king, on opening the parliament in 1623, feasted the two houses with a speech, than which nothing could be apter for the subject, or more eloquent for the matter, he (the bishop) adds ; " All the helps of that faculty were extremely perfect in him, abounding in wit by nature, in art by education, in wisdom by experience. Mr. George Herbert, being prælector in the rhetorique school in Cambridge, anno 1618, passed by those fluent orators that domineered in the pulpits of Athens and Rome, and insisted to read upon an oration of king James, which he analysed, shewed the concinnity of the parts, the propriety of the phrase, the height and power of it to move the affections, the style utterly unknown to the ancients, who could not conceive what kingly eloquence was ; in respect of which those noted demagogi were but hirelings, and triobulary rhetoricians."

' Let it not be forgotten that Mr. Herbert was then a very young man, flushed with hopes of obtaining promotion in a court, where all the blandishments of adulation were practised.—Time, experience, and serious contemplation, effectuated a change in his mind, and totally alienated him from every ambitious pursuit.' P. 336.

The appendix to the life of Herbert contains a curious account of Andrew Melville, a learned Scot, the inveterate enemy of episcopacy, who was imprisoned in the Tower, in the reign of James I. for a pasquinade on the church of England, and who, being at length released on the intercession of the duke of Bouillon, filled the theological chair for many years in the university of Sedan, with great ability and high reputation.

Of bishop Sanderson, the biographer speaks in these terms of panegyric—

' His behaviour had in it much of a plain comeliness, and very little (yet enough) of ceremony or courtship ; his looks and motion manifested

manifested an endearing affability and mildness, and yet he had with these a calm and so matchless a fortitude, as secured him from complying with any of those many parliamentary injunctions that interfered with a doubtful conscience. His learning was methodical and exact, his wisdom useful, his integrity visible, and his whole life so unspotted, so like the primitive Christians, that all ought to be preserved as copies for posterity to write after, the clergy especially, who with impure hands ought not to offer sacrifice to that God whose pure eyes abhor iniquity, and especially in them.

“There was in his sermons no improper rhetoric, nor such perplexed divisions, as may be said to be like too much light, that so dazzles the eyes that the sight becomes less perfect: but in them there was no want of useful matter, nor waste of words; and yet such clear distinctions as dispelled all confused notions, and made his hearers depart both wiser, and more confirmed in virtuous resolutions.

“His memory was so matchless and firm, as it was only overcome by his bashfulness: for he alone, or to a friend, could repeat all the odes of Horace, all Tully’s offices, and much of Juvenal and Persius, without book; and would say, “the repetition of one of the odes of Horace to himself (which he did often) was to him such music, as a lesson on the viol was to others, when they played it voluntarily to themselves or friends.” P. 477.

The literary character of the same prelate, is thus sketched by the annotator—

“In extent of erudition, Dr. Sanderfon was surpassed by none of his contemporaries. He is clear and perspicuous in his argumentation, easy and natural in his language. But his far-fetched introductions, his tedious repetitions of division and subdivision, are disgusting. In compliance with the prevailing mode of the times, he introduces Latin quotations, even when he preaches to the common people; herein unlike to Dr. Edward Pocock, who was described by one of his country parishioners, as “a plain honest man, but no Latiner.” In his discourses, we meet with the most comprehensive and the most accurate knowledge of classic antiquity. Thoroughly conversant in the best writings of Greece and Rome, he illustrates his own sentiments by the most apposite applications from those treasures of learning.” P. 477.

This volume will afford much instruction and entertainment to all those (and we trust that such readers are numerous) who wish to examine the lives and characters of persons eminent for their talents and virtues. The editor has performed his task with commendable diligence and accuracy, though, in his life of Walton, he has deviated into the usual partiality of biographers.

The

The external embellishments of the work are well executed: but, if any one of the engravings may claim the preference over the others, it is, in our opinion, the portrait of Dr. Donne; not that which represents him in his clerical habit, but that which imitates a picture drawn of him in his last indisposition. The history of this painting will, perhaps, excite a smile, mingled with serious sensations. The Doctor, having resolved that a monument should be erected to him after his death, stripped himself to nudity, put on a shroud, and placed himself erect upon an urn, with his eyes closed, and his arms hanging down like those of a dead body. In this attitude his resemblance was taken by a painter; and the picture was the object of his hourly contemplation till his decease, when it became the model of his monumental effigy.

Theory of the Earth, with Proofs and Illustrations. In Four Parts. By James Hutton, M. D. & F. R. S. E. 2 Vols. 8vo. 14s. Boards. Cadell and Davies. 1795.

THE origin of the earth has employed the meditations of numberless philosophers; and they who acknowledge it to be the work of a wise and almighty being, are not uselessly employed in considering the means by which this vast fabric was brought into its present shape, and in forming conjectures, from the present and past appearances, of its future condition. Sceptics and unbelievers have in general treated the account given of the creation of the world in the bible, with much contempt and ridicule: yet it surely does not suffer in a comparison with what has been advanced by the wisest men of antiquity on this subject; and it is remarkable, that all inquiries into nature lead to the belief that the different modifications of organised and unorganised matter followed each other originally in the succession laid down in the scriptures. The inquiry, farther pursued, will, we think, continue to do honour to the sacred writers; and at any rate, it will stimulate men to a better acquaintance with the globe doomed to be the place of their residence, and whose surface they are appointed to cultivate, improve, and embellish.

The ancient philosophers supposed that every thing was formed from the four elements, earth, air, fire, and water; and, according to their investigation of particular facts, ascribed the formation of the whole to the energy of that peculiar element with whose powerful effects they were best acquainted. It was to be expected that their theories would be

be continually overthrown by successive inquirers. Their acquaintance with the earth was confined within too narrow limits to give scope for the discovery of a theory which should account for numberless appearances known only to later ages. The philosopher, whose writings are now before us, will from the same cause be found faulty by his successors: yet if his reasoning on various facts may not be satisfactory, the collecting of them together is certainly a meritorious task. To support his opinion he requires a power of great energy within the earth: and whether he is right or not in his conjectures, there cannot be a doubt, from the effects produced by earthquakes and burning mountains, that there is in nature such a power, to which any thing produced or that can be produced by the art of man bears no comparison.

Of all the elements of which the natural world is supposed to consist, there is none which we have so much reason to consider as a simple elementary matter, as fire. It is also, perhaps, the most universal, since, either in a sensible or latent state, it pervades every part of nature, and exists even in the structure of every other substance. It is the most active of all the elements, and its agency is seen in all the most important operations of nature. It is the efficient cause of expansion, of fluidity, of evaporation. In its active and uncombined state, its effects are also by far the most stupendous of any that offer themselves to our senses. But whether this powerful element exists in greater quantities within the bowels of the earth than on the surface and in the atmosphere, may reasonably be doubted. As far as our experiments extend, we know for certain, that no combustion can be supported without a supply of air. Whether, therefore, any volcanic fire extends to a great depth beneath the surface of the earth, may admit of a question: and yet on the proof of this much of our author's hypothesis seems to depend. He supposes, that fire concentrated within the earth is the grand principle, by which the real convulsions of nature are occasioned. Let us however grant that this active principle may exist in the earth: and from what is passing upon the earth, let us consider to what changes it must be necessarily exposed.

Let us hear our author upon this head:

* A solid body of land could not have answered the purpose of a habitable world; for, a soil is necessary to the growth of plants; and a soil is nothing but the materials collected from the destruction of the solid land. Therefore the surface of this land, inhabited by man, and covered with plants and animals, is made by nature to decay, in dissolving from that hard and compact state in which it is found below the soil; and this soil is necessarily washed away,

away, by the continual circulation of the water, running from the summits of the mountains towards the general receptacle of that fluid.

‘ The heights of our land are thus levelled with the shores; our fertile plains are formed from the ruins of the mountains; and those travelling materials are still pursued by the moving water, and propelled along the inclined surface of the earth. These moveable materials, delivered into the sea, cannot, for a long continuance, rest upon the shore; for, by the agitation of the winds, the tides, and currents, every moveable thing is carried farther and farther along the shelving bottom of the sea, towards the unfathomable regions of the ocean.

‘ If the vegetable soil is thus constantly removed from the surface of the land, and if its place is thus to be supplied from the dissolution of the solid earth, as here represented, we may perceive an end to this beautiful machine; an end, arising from no error in its constitution as a world, but from that destructibility of its land which is so necessary in the system of the globe, in the economy of life and vegetation.

‘ The immense time necessarily required for this total destruction of the land, must not be opposed to that view of future events, which is indicated by the surest facts, and most approved principles. Time, which measures every thing in our idea, and is often deficient to our schemes, is to nature endless and as nothing; it cannot limit that by which alone it had existence; and, as the natural course of time, which to us seems infinite, cannot be bounded by any operation that may have an end, the progress of things upon this globe, that is, the course of nature, cannot be limited by time, which must proceed in a continual succession. We are, therefore, to consider as inevitable the destruction of our land, so far as effected by those operations which are necessary in the purpose of the globe, considered as a habitable world; and, so far as we have not examined any other part of the economy of nature, in which other operations and a different intention might appear.’ Vol. i. p. 13.

Allowing this regular course of nature, this remove of our hills into the sea, we are lost in contemplating the time necessary for the production of such an effect. Let the continents be removed into the sea; and, according to our author, they are gradually forming strata in the ocean, to be thrown up hereafter by the all-powerful fire, and to form the basis of a new continent. This is, we confess, to us rather a dura hypothesis. There is indeed an old tradition, that a continent was swallowed up, where now the Atlantic is; and islands, we know, have appeared and disappeared: yet it seems that the operations of nature are more gradual; and we are more inclined to favour the old maxim, *natura per saltum nihil facit*, than

than to put her to the trouble of these sudden and occasional jerks at the end of some millions of years, to throw up a lost continent from the bottom of the ocean.

To maintain his position, our author very judiciously considers, of what the present surface of the earth consists. There are vast masses of marble and limestone. These, he says, are composed of the calcareous matter of marine bodies, and consequently have a marine origin; and from them a general conclusion is drawn.

‘The general amount of our reasoning is this, that nine-tenths, perhaps, or ninety-nine hundredths of this earth, so far as we see, have been formed by natural operations of the globe, in collecting loose materials, and depositing them at the bottom of the sea; consolidating those collections in various degrees, and elevating those consolidated masses above the level on which they were formed, or lowering the level of that sea.’ Vol. i. p. 26.

This is a pretty round assertion, and we confess we are far from believing that *all* calcareous matter has this origin: we cannot follow our author through every part of the operation in forming the strata: fire and water are the great agents.

‘The strata, formed at the bottom of the sea, are to be considered as having been consolidated, either by aqueous solution and crystallization, or by the effect of heat and fusion. If it is in the first of these two ways that the solid strata of the globe have attained to their present state, there will be a certain uniformity observable in the effects; and there will be general laws, by which this operation must have been conducted. Therefore, knowing those general laws, and making just observations with regard to the natural appearances of those consolidated masses, a philosopher, in his closet, should be able to determine, what may, and what may not have been transacted in the bowels of the earth, or below the bottom of the ocean.’ Vol. i. p. 42.

On the process of the formation of salt, the theory, if not true, is ingenious.

‘The formation of salt at the bottom of the sea, without the assistance of subterranean fire, is not a thing un-supposable, as at first sight it might appear. Let us but suppose a rock placed across the gut of Gibraltar, (a case no wise unnatural), and the bottom of the Mediterranean would be certainly filled with salt, because the evaporation from the surface of that sea exceeds the measure of its supply.

‘But strata of salt, formed in this manner at the bottom of the sea, are as far from being consolidated by means of aqueous solution, as a bed of sand in the same situation; and we cannot explain the consolidation of such a stratum of salt by means of water, without supposing subterranean heat employed, to evaporate the brine which
would

would successively occupy the interstices of the saline crystals. But this, it may be observed, is equally departing from the natural operation of water, as the means for consolidating the sediment of the ocean, as if we were to suppose the same thing done by heat and fusion. For the question is not, if subterranean heat be of sufficient intensity for the purpose of consolidating strata by the fusion of their substances; the question is, Whether it be by means of this agent, subterranean heat, or by water alone, without the operation of a melting heat, that those materials have been variously consolidated.

‘ The example now under consideration, consolidated mineral salt, will serve to throw some light upon the subject; for, as it is to be shewn, that this body of salt had been consolidated by perfect fusion, and not by means of aqueous solution, the consolidation of strata of indissoluble substances, by the operation of a melting heat, will meet with all that confirmation which the consistency of natural appearances can give.

‘ The salt rock in Cheshire lies in strata of red marl. It is horizontal in its direction. I do not know its thickness, but it is dug thirty or forty feet deep. The body of this rock is perfectly solid, and the salt, in many places, pure, colourless, and transparent, breaking with a sparry cubical structure. But the greatest part is tinged by the admixture of the marl, and that in various degrees, from the slightest tinge of red, to the most perfect opacity. Thus, the rock appears as if it had been a mass of fluid salt, in which had been floating a quantity of marly substance, not uniformly mixed, but every where separating, and subsiding from the pure saline substance.

‘ There is also to be observed a certain regularity in this separation of the tinging from the colourless substance, which, at a proper distance, gives to the perpendicular section of the rock a distinguishable figure in its structure. When looking at this appearance near the bottom of the rock, it, at first, presented me with the figure of regular stratification; but, upon examining the whole mass of rock, I found, that it was only towards the bottom that this stratified appearance took place; and that, at the top of the rock, the most beautiful and regular figure was to be observed; but a figure the most opposite to that of stratification. It was all composed of concentric circles; and these appeared to be the section of a mass, composed altogether of concentric spheres, like those beautiful systems of configuration which agates so frequently present us with in miniature. In about eight or ten feet from the top, the circles growing large, were blended together, and gradually lost their regular appearance, until, at a greater depth, they again appeared in resemblance of a stratification.

‘ This regular arrangement of the floating marly substance in the body of salt, which is that of the structure of a coated pebble, or

that of concentric spheres, is altogether inexplicable upon any other supposition, than the perfect fluidity or fusion of the salt, and the attractions and repulsions of the contained substances. It is in vain to look, in the operations of solution and evaporation, for that which nothing but perfect fluidity or fusion can explain.' Vol. i. p. 76.

But some one will question the utility of this way of making new continents. Our author, aware of the objection, gives his solution of the difficulty—

'The events now under consideration may be examined with a view to see this truth; for it may be inquired, Why destroy one continent in order to erect another? The answer is plain; Nature does not destroy a continent from having wearied of a subject which had given pleasure, or changed her purpose, whether for a better or a worse; neither does she erect a continent of land among the clouds, to shew her power, or to amaze the vulgar man: nature has contrived the productions of vegetable bodies, and the sustenance of animal life, to depend upon the gradual but sure destruction of a continent; that is to say, these two operations necessarily go hand in hand. But with such wisdom has nature ordered things in the economy of this world, that the destruction of one continent is not brought about without the renovation of the earth in the production of another; and the animal and vegetable bodies, for which the world above the surface of the sea is levelled with its bottom, are among the means employed in those operations, as well as the sustenance of those living beings is the proper end in view.

'Thus, in understanding the proper constitution of the present earth, we are led to know the source from whence had come all the materials which nature had employed in the construction of the world which appears; a world contrived in consummate wisdom for the growth and habitation of a great diversity of plants and animals; and a world peculiarly adapted to the purposes of man, who inhabits all its climates, who measures its extent, and determines its productions at his pleasure.

'The whole of a great object or event fills us with wonder and astonishment, when all the particulars, in the succession of which the whole had been produced, may be considered without the least emotion. When, for example, we behold the pyramids of Egypt, our mind is agitated with a crowd of ideas that highly entertains the person who understands the subject; but the carrying a heavy stone up to the top of a hill or mountain would give that person little pleasure or concern. We wonder at the whole operation of the pyramid, but not at any one particular part.

'The raising up of a continent of land from the bottom of the sea, is an idea that is too great to be conceived easily in all the parts

parts of its operations, many of which are perhaps unknown to us; and, without being properly understood, so great an idea may appear like a thing that is imaginary. In like manner, the co-relative, or corresponding operation, the destruction of the land, is an idea that does not easily enter into the mind of man in its totality, although he is daily witness to part of the operation. We never see a river in a flood, but we must acknowledge the carrying away of part of our land, to be sunk at the bottom of the sea; we never see a storm upon the coast, but we are informed of a hostile attack of the sea upon our country; attacks which must, in time, wear away the bulwarks of our soil, and sap the foundations of our dwellings. Thus, great things are not understood without the analysing of many operations, and the combination of time with many events happening in succession.' Vol. i. p. 182.

This destruction of our habitations by storms rather weakens in our apprehension than strengthens the general argument: for if storms do destroy, in one place, part of a continent, in another the sea retires, and makes ample compensation for its ravages. Thus, we should be inclined to admit, towards the formation of the new continent, only that part of the earth which is carried down by the rivers into the sea: and from this a vast deduction is to be made for the mud generally prevailing in most æstuaries. As we cannot see sufficient ground to believe in the destruction of any land by the sea without compensation in another place, we are not ready to join the author in the result of his inquiries into the origin of the earth, 'that there is to be found no vestige of a beginning, no prospect of an end.'

Having given us the outlines of his theory, our author proceeds to answer the objections brought against it: and in this part we are continually diverted from the main object by remarks on theories in general, and the want of proper knowledge in the objectors. Thus we are told—

'I wrote a general theory for the inspection of philosophers; who doubtless will point out its errors; but this requires the study of nature, which is not the work of a day; and, in this political age, the study of nature seems to be but little pursued by our philosophers. In the mean time, there are, on the one hand, sceptical philosophers, who think there is nothing certain in nature, because there is misconception in the mind of man; on the other hand, there are many credulous amateurs, who go to nature to be entertained as we go to see a pantomime: but there are also superficial reasoning men, who think themselves qualified to write on subjects on which they may have read in books,—subjects which they may have seen in cabinets, and which, perhaps, they have just learned to name; without truly knowing what they see, they

think they know those regions of the earth which never can be seen; and they judge of the great operations of the mineral kingdom, from having kindled a fire, and looked into the bottom of a little crucible.' Vol. i. p. 250.

We are of our author's opinion, that, in a question like this, the trifling deductions from a crucible are of no consequence: we allow him the power to shoot up a continent when he pleases: and the continent sent up will, by a regular process, well known to travellers in the Alps, be, after some hundred years, capable of supporting animal life: but our only difficulty is in granting him materials from our present continents; and if little crucible experiments are properly rejected, we must add, that a more complete knowledge of the structure of the present earth is requisite, and facts of greater magnitude are to be produced, than a few trifling circumstances, it may be, from an island, or the Alps, or the Andes, before we involve ourselves in a theory embracing the destruction of the present and birth of future earths.

There is one fault in this part, and which pervades the two volumes,—the quotations from the French are very long, very tedious, and they are not translated. Now, if there was any thing remarkable in the style of the authors quoted, there might be some reason for presenting them in the original: but, when they relate only dry facts, which might just as well have been given in English, it is a very hard tax upon a great part of the readers, to deprive them of the opportunity of following the thread of the argument, and to make them pay twice as much as was necessary. We travelled, however, very pleasantly with our author and his friends through several parts of Europe, as they are described in this Anglo-gallic book. If the deductions do not every-where support the hypothesis, they present many strong arguments for the consideration of the mineralogist; and the section on the formation of coral deserves particular attention. But we must confess, that, as a theory, it is not arranged in the best form: there is much superfluous matter; and we are threatened with a farther progress in the work. The theory might be drawn up in a fourth part of one volume, and the reasoning on all the French quotations, with as much of the matter abridged as was necessary, might have been contained in the remainder. Thus the author's sentiments might have been better examined. But, that we may do them strict justice, we will in his own words give the result of his speculations.

' Let us then take a cursory view of this system of things, upon which we have proceeded in our theory, and upon which the constitution of this world seems to depend.

' Our

Our solid earth is every where wasted, where exposed to the day. The summits of the mountains are necessarily degraded. The solid and weighty materials of those mountains are every where urged through the valleys, by the force of running water. The soil, which is produced in the destruction of the solid earth, is gradually travelled by the moving water, but is constantly supplying vegetation with its necessary aid. This travelled soil is at last deposited upon the coast, where it forms most fertile countries. But the billows of the ocean agitate the loose materials upon the shore, and wear away the coast, with the endless repetitions of this act of power, or this imparted force. Thus the continent of our earth, sapped in its foundation, is carried away into the deep, and sunk again at the bottom of the sea, from whence it had originated.

We are thus led to see a circulation in the matter of this globe, and a system of beautiful œconomy in the works of nature. This earth, like the body of an animal, is wasted at the same time that it is repaired. It has a state of growth and augmentation; it has another state, which is that of diminution and decay. This world is thus destroyed in one part, but it is renewed in another; and the operations by which this world is thus constantly renewed, are as evident to the scientific eye, as are those in which it is necessarily destroyed. The marks of the internal fire, by which the rocks beneath the sea are hardened, and by which the land is produced above the surface of the sea, have nothing in them which is doubtful or ambiguous. The destroying operations again, though placed within the reach of our examination, and evident almost to every observer, are no more acknowledged by mankind, than is that system of renovation which philosophy alone discovers.

It is only in science that any question concerning the origin and end of things is formed; and it is in science only that the resolution of those questions is to be attained. The natural operations of this globe, by which the size and shape of our land are changed, are so slow as to be altogether imperceptible to men who are employed in pursuing the various occupations of life and literature. We must not ask the industrious inhabitant, for the end or origin of this earth: he sees the present, and he looks no farther into the works of time than his experience can supply his reason. We must not ask the statesman, who looks into the history of time past, for the rise and fall of empires; he proceeds upon the idea of a stationary earth, and most justly has a respect to nothing but the influence of moral causes. It is in the philosophy of nature that the natural history of this earth is to be studied; and we must not allow ourselves ever to reason without proper data, or to fabricate a system of apparent wisdom in the folly of a hypothetical delusion.

When, to a scientific view of the subject, we join the proof which

which has been given, that in all the quarters of the globe in every place upon the surface of the earth, there are the most undoubted marks of the continued progress of those operations which wear away and waste the land, both in its height and width, its elevation and extension, and that for a space of duration in which our measures of time are lost, we must sit down contented with this limitation of our retrospect, as well as prospect, and acknowledge, that it is in vain to seek for any computation of the time, during which the materials of this earth had been prepared in a preceding world, and collected at the bottom of a former sea.

‘ The system of this earth will appear to comprehend many different operations, or it exhibits various powers co-operating for the production of those appearances which we properly understand in knowing causes. Thus, in order to understand the natural conformation of this country, or the particular shape of any other place upon the globe, it is not enough to see the effects of those powers, which gradually waste and wear away the surface, we must also see how those powers affecting the surface operate, or by what principle they act.

‘ Besides, seeing those powers which are employed in thus changing the surface of the earth, we must also observe how their force is naturally augmented with the declivity of the ground on which they operate. Neither is it sufficient to understand by what powers the surface is impaired, for, it may be asked, why, in equal circumstances, one part is more impaired than another; this then leads to the examination of the mineral system, in which are determined the hardness and solidity, consequently, the permanency of those bodies of which our land is composed; and here are sources of indefinite variety.

‘ In the system of the globe every thing must be consistent. The changing and destroying operations of the surface exposed to the sun and influences of the atmosphere, must correspond to those by which land is composed at the bottom of the sea; and the consolidating operations of the mineral region must correspond to those appearances which in the rocks, the veins, and solid stones, give such evident, such universal testimony of the power of fire, in bringing bodies into fusion, or introducing fluidity, the necessary prelude to solidity and concretion.

‘ Those various powers of nature have thus been employed in the theory, to explain things which commonly appear; or rather, it is from things which universally appear that causes have been concluded, upon scientific principles, for those effects. A system is thus formed, in generalising all those different effects, or in ascribing all those particular operations to a general end. This end, the subject of our understanding, is then to be considered as an object of design; and, in this design, we may perceive, either wisdom, so far as the ends and means are properly adapted, or benevo-

benevolence, so far as that system is contrived for the benefit of beings who are capable of suffering pain and pleasure, and of judging good and evil.

‘ But, in this physical dissertation, we are limited to consider the manner in which things present have been made to come to pass, and not to inquire concerning the moral end for which those things may have been calculated. Therefore, in pursuing this object, I am next to examine facts, with regard to the mineralogical part of the theory, from which, perhaps, light may be thrown upon the subject; and to endeavour to answer objections, or solve difficulties, which may naturally occur from the consideration of particular appearances.’ Vol. ii. p. 561.

The Birth and Triumph of Love. A Poem. By Sir James Bland Burges, Bart. 4to. 6s. sewed. Egerton. 1796.

“*UT pictura poësis*, is an ancient adage well illustrated by the elegant poem before us. About the time of the marriage of the prince of Wales, if we mistake not, a series of engravings were published by Mr. Tomkins, understood to be from drawings by the princess Elizabeth, entitled, *The Birth and Triumph of Cupid*, and consisting of four and twenty allegorical plates, the subjects of which were as follows—

‘ Birth—Going alone—Finds his Bow and Arrow—Trying his Arrow—Dreams there is a World—Going in search of the World—Alighting on the World—Mistakes his Mark—In Vexation breaks his Bow—Meets a Heart—Weeps for the Loss of his Bow and Arrow—His Arms restored—Sharpening his Arrow—Stringing his Bow—Returning Thanks—Arrives at the Hill of Difficulty—Turns away in Despair—Meets with Hope—Ascends the Hill with Hope—Resting on Hope strikes the Hearts—Offering up the Hearts—Uniting the Hearts—Preparing for Triumph—Triumphant.’

They were meant, it is said, to compliment the king and queen.

Upon this slender and fanciful foundation, sir J. Bland Burges has raised an allegorical poem in the stanza of Spencer, which possesses, besides a correct and harmonious versification, a great deal of beautiful imagery, with a strain of chaste and lofty sentiment, adapted to the genius of the higher kinds of poetry. The first canto thus opens—

‘ Of Love I sing—not of that treacherous boy
To whom the impure Venus erst gave birth,
Whose venom’d shafts empoison mortal joy,
Confounding honour, virtue, rank, and worth;

D 4

Whose

Whose midnight orgies stamp on lawless mirth
 The forged image of celestial pleasure,
 Drawing from heaven the soul of man to earth,
 With foul alloy debasing purest treasure—
 That boy, and that boy's deeds shall not pollute my measure!"

P. 1.

The poet proceeds to describe love, in that high sense in which it is taken by Lucretius, — and indeed, more sentimentally, as the universal bond of union through all nature. The growth and childish pastimes of the infant god are described in the following lines with equal fancy and elegance —

' Awhile, as if entranced, he gazed around :
 He moved, and heaven with unknown radiance gleamed ;
 He spoke, and listening angels hailed the sound ;
 He smiled, and universal nature beamed.
 By infant Love subdued creation seemed ;
 And time transported all his power confessed ;
 Of present joys and future bliss he dreamed,
 Of constant hearts with lasting union blessed ;
 Then fondly clasped the cherub to his glowing breast,

' As, when from parent fountain first discharged,
 The silver Thames pursues his new-born course,
 His narrow pebbly bed with rushes marged
 Scarce feels the influence of his humid source ;
 He, as he onward rolls, acquires new force,
 His ample current proud thro' meads to guide,
 And 'twixt his banks to keep a wide divorce ;
 While Britain's sons to his expanse confide
 Britannia's bulwarks and her merchant's pride.

' Thus feeble were at first the powers of Love,
 His soft round limbs had yet to learn their use ;
 If latent vigour prompted him to move,
 He felt his infant legs their aid refuse.
 But falls on æther could not much misuse
 Ætherial substance : quickly stronger grown,
 No more his weak attempts his hopes abuse ;
 With native grace his playful tricks are shewn,
 He tries—he steps—he shouts to find he goes alone,

' Pure silvery curls his polished forehead deck,
 Skirt his encrimsoned cheeks with modest grace,
 And hang enamoured o'er his ivory neck :
 The smile of extacy illumines his face ;
 His looks, his steps, proclaim his heavenly race ;
 While the bright lustre of his liquid eye
 Insidious tempts the fond regard to trace

The

The thousand charms which there in ambush lie—
To catch one blissful glance, then pine, perhaps, and die.

‘ But his free spirit no such perils feared ;
Gaily he tript, around diffusing joy :
Where e'er he turned, the face of heaven was cheered,
And sportive cherubs flocked to join the boy.
He taught the day in fresh delights t' employ :
Now, to outstrip fleet Time he'd shew his powers ;
And then, with playful wantonness, decoy
Thro' many an artful maze the rosy Hours,
To weave with him the dance beneath celestial bowers.’ p. 6.

Love, however, as he advances towards maturity, begins to sigh for some more appropriate exercise of his powers. While he is musing on his own destination, a bow and arrows are dropt from heaven at his feet. He instinctively catches them up with eagerness, but finds no object on which to employ them. At length—

‘ Tired by the conflict which oppressed his mind
Love sought repose. His languid limbs outspread
On soft ætherial couch, he lay reclin'd :
One hand a little raised his drooping head ;
While from the other hung his arms so dread,
With feeble and half-conscious grasp retained ;
But, as approaching sleep his influence shed,
And o'er his frame relaxed dominion gained,
They fell, and at his feet confusedly remained.’ p. 15.

In this situation a seraph is sent to show him in a vision the solar system, and to inform him that the fifth of the planets which he sees, is to be the sphere of his dominion. He awakes, transported with joy, and prepares to seek his destined habitation. As he sails through æther, the guardian spirits of each planet come out to meet and offer him their gratulations. At length he comes within sight of this earth, attractive with verdure and beauty, but empty of inhabitants ; for man is not yet created. He is particularly attracted,—the reader might suppose, perhaps, by the soft shores of Ionia, the luxurious climate of Greece, or the myrtle groves of Parthenope ; but, as alighting on these would not serve the author's purpose, he must be permitted to find superior charms in a *far sequestered island*, lying in between 50 and 60 degrees of north latitude. Here then

‘ On a high cliff with light descent he stands,
And, first on Britain's shores the world's great master stands.’
And thus concludes the first canto.

The second canto opens with a beautiful description of the face of nature, as seen by Love in the deep repose of perfect solitude, in the early dawn, the mountains being yet covered with mist.

‘ And soon, his golden tresses waving high,
The mounting sun his dazzling orb unveiled :
From his resplendent chamber thro’ the sky
Conscious of proud pre-eminence he sailed.
Enraptured Love his genial influence hailed ;
And, as from earth’s wide surface odours sweet
Ascending fast his ravished sense regaled,
With ardour yet unfelt his bosom beat

The unknown object of his destined search to meet.’ P. 30.

Wandering on, he comes to a forest (Windfor forest) : here he amuses himself with shooting against the trees,—but, being as yet a very indifferent marksman, is disappointed, and in vexation breaks his bow and arrows. At an unfortunate moment he broke them, for soon after he sees a very strange appearance indeed, for—

‘ ——— sudden cross his path disporting flew,
Or seemed to fly, along the verdant plain,
An undefined form of sanguine hue,

Which sometimes seemed to court, sometimes to shun his view.

‘ It’s tapering point now lightly skimmed the ground,
Half-hid beneath the herbage ; while above
Its broad unequal surface, smooth and round,
With shadowy wings displayed appeared to rove
Thro’ all the varied windings of the grove.
Not far remote a kindred form was straying,
Of equal power from place to place to move,
Yet for the other’s near approach ne’er staying,

But still in different lines and separate orbits playing.’ P. 36.

Love having atoned for his pettishness by repentance and prayer, two doves are sent to him with a new bow and arrows, with which he pursues the hearts, which lead him a chase of many miles. At length he comes to the *hill of difficulty* :—this the hearts easily fly over ; but Love is left floundering in a sort of slough of despondency at the bottom, where, after having wept a while, he is going to kill himself with his dart ; but in that moment *Hope* appears, and brings him an *anchor*, assisted by which he flies to the top.

‘ Grasping the anchor fast, his plumes he spreads,

And

And thro' the region with contagion fraught
Intrepid soars——

Who ever heard before of an *anchor* assisting people to fly? We must say that John Bunyan has managed his *bill of difficulty* better. When Love has got to the top by the help of this anchor, he sees again the objects of his pursuit, and discharging his arrow, tranfixes at once both the hearts. And now, whom does the reader suppose these hearts, thus predestined to each other, and the objects of such a grand apparatus of mythology, belong to?—They are the hearts, gentle reader, of our most gracious king and queen! and they are carried off by Love in his triumphal chariot drawn by doves, and safely laid up in the empyreal heavens, from whence, in due time, they were to descend again to bless mankind, and extend the empire of Love over Britain—

‘ And now victorious Love the world forsook.
Yet, as thro’ æther’s fields his course he bent,
Towards his loved planet a departing look,
And an unconscious sigh he fondly sent.
But soon regret gave way to pure content :
For now the gates of heaven far beaming shone,
Now thro’ angelic hosts he joyful went,
His quest performed, his high achievement won,
To lay his glorious prize before th’ eternal throne.’ p. 58.

Sir J. Bland Burges has shown himself, by this production, capable of a higher walk of poetry, than the nature of his subject fairly admits: If his invention has been assisted in some instances by the pencil of the fair artist, it has been likewise confined to a track: and what was in the first instance an elegant complimentary trifle, is found in the poet’s hands too weak to sustain the dignity and importance to which, by his mythological system, he has endeavoured to raise it:—*Materia superabat opus.*

The History and Antiquities of the City and Suburbs of Worcester. By Valentine Green, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, London. 2 Vols. 4to. 2l. 22s. 6d. Boards. Edwards. 1796.

IT is of great advantage to a reader to understand the title of the book which he means to peruse, lest he should fruitlessly employ his time, and find little or nothing on those subjects which he may deem most interesting. The word ‘History’ is so continually used in a vague sense, that, whether it is the history of Tom Two-shoes, of England, of Worcester, or

or of any other place, the author seems entitled to take it into his service. The histories of countries are frequently nothing else but the history of a few men, and generally the worst men in that country. The intrigues, the follies, the actions of a court, are displayed with ridiculous minuteness, while the reader in vain looks for an account of those causes which raised a nation to wealth and consequence, or reduced it to poverty and ignominy. The present work may, upon the same grounds, be entitled a 'history;' and it is also a history of Worcester, that is of walls and stained glass, of tombs and old churches. The cathedral church affords matter for the greater part of the first volume. An Appendix, with parochial churches, divides the second. Should a reader wish to know what was the state of the city in each century, what were the changes it has successively undergone, what were the manners of the inhabitants, what was its trade,—*al-tum est silentium*. These are of trifling importance, compared with a dispute between the married priests and the monks, of which we have read over and over again in all histories of England,—or with the investigation of the name of a bishop or a dean, or the explanation of an old monument. But still much useful information may be derived from this work: it may be said to contain some excellent materials for a history of Worcester; and in its present state it will naturally gratify the curiosity of strangers in many respects; and the inhabitants will be pleased with being able to point out the ancient cellars and eating parlours of the former residents in the cathedral.

The style of our author is stiff and affected. He seems to be studying every moment, in what words he is to express a very plain thought: and we must confess that he is not often happy in his choice. As a specimen, we shall give his reflections following the account of a chapel, whose ornaments had been judiciously plaistered over, to preserve them from fanatical outrage—

'The design of this chapel was evidently defective while those figures were detached from it, and remained unseen. They were intended to form the groundwork of its purpose, to which every other part of the structure has a reference. And as indispensable to its history, they are thence seen to occupy the first station in its arrangement.

'It is neither incurious, nor unworthy of remark, that these objects which had their origin in the purity of paternal affection, mingled with the ardency of pious devotion that characterized the age in which they were produced, in less than fifty years afterwards became utterly obnoxious, from that very devotion that had called them

them

them into existence, which, from its having not only become suspected, but convicted, of fostering principles inimical to civil authority, for that offence was rooted up and abolished. To that exploded influence, regal power, consolidating spiritual and temporal interests, succeeded, and in both functions became absolute. The next century saw the complete overthrow of that system, and the iron age of democratic usurpation and fanatic hypocrisy prevail. Scarcely half another century elapsed, in the early part of which period a restoration of royal authority was effected, and in the latter part a revolution took place, that elicited a constitution capable to stand the test of time, guarantee the blessings of union and peace to future ages, and has thence "made these odds all even." Such have been the great national vicissitudes the two last centuries have witnessed, and to which the narrow spot we have thus long been busied about, has borne more than a common share of interesting testimony.

' Considered as one of the earliest efforts existing of that class of refined Gothic art that has ventured to address itself to the sublimity of sentiment, and not less successfully directed to the judgment than to the passions, we cannot but admire the skill with which its leading points are managed. As a lesson prepared with profound reasoning, capable of inducing wholesome reflection in minds at all susceptible of thought, this "sermon in stone," which even he who runs may read to the most useful purpose: this spectacle of solemn magnificence, teeming with instruction, produced in that eventful age for pure Gothic architecture, in which its modest and simple beauties bloomed and expired, cannot be contemplated without pleasure, nor studied without advantage.' Vol. i. p. 106.

The progress of the reformation, drawn from a manuscript of bishop Blandford, will show the changeable disposition of the English priests in the sixteenth century—

' When the royal fiat had pronounced that the tyranny of pontifical power should cease in England, we trace the operation of that mandate in this church through a regular progression of its effects, to the final closing of that important scene. The consequent removal and destruction of chapels, altars, shrines, tombs, relics, images, crosses, missals, &c. which took place in this cathedral, and in other churches and parts of this city, have in part already been noticed under their respective heads and dates. Bishop Blandford's Manuscript furnishes the following detail in addition, which appears to complete the eventful history of the overthrow of the ancient church discipline on the monkish system at Worcester, carried down to the time of the full adoption of the ritual of the reformed church of England, as by law established.

" In January, A. D. 1539, the monks of this church put on secular habits, and the priory surrendered.

" A. D.

" A. D. 1547. On candlemas day, no candles were hallowed, or borne. On Ash Wednesday no ashes hallowed.

" A. D. 1548. March 25th, being Palm Sunday, no palms hallowed, nor cross borne on Easter eve; no fire hallowed, but the paschal taper, and the font. On Easter day the pix, with the sacrament in it, was taken out of the sepulchre, they singing "Christ is risen," without procession. On Good Friday, no creeping to the cross.

" Also on the 20th of October was taken away the cup with the body of X^t from the high altar of St. Mary's church, (i. e. the cathedral) and in other churches and chapels.

" A. D. 1549. No sepulchre, or service of sepulchre, on Good Friday. On Easter even no paschal hallowed, nor fire, nor incense, nor font. On the 23d April, this year, was mass, matins, even-song, and all other service in English. All books of divine service were brought to the bishop, viz. mass-books, graduals, pies port, and legends, and were burned.

" A. D. 1551. In all the time of bishop Hooper were no children confirmed.

" A. D. 1559. Midsummer service altered."

" At this point the boundary of papal dominion over the church of Worcester appears to have been fixed. It was here all its powers were suspended, and its influence totally overthrown. It was now the hallowed fires of its delusive religion were extinguished, the sweet scented odours of its incense evaporated, and the glories of its splendid altars faded away: it was now that the solemnity of its processions and pageants closed, the voice of its tide and even-songs died away, and all the functions of its vast and ponderous machinery ceasing their movements together, presented to the world an awful example of the mutability of power, in which even that, whose foundation was thought to have been laid on a rock deemed impregnable, and held sacred from the supposed divinity of its origin, disappeared like a vapour from before men's eyes; and its customs and ceremonies, whose observance was the familiar duty of our forefathers, in the present times become obsolete, a bye-word, and almost wholly unknown among us.' Vol. i. p. 127.

The republican fiat in France met with stronger resistance; and in neither case can we lament that a religion, establishing itself by force, was subject to the vicissitudes of power.

We were much pleased with the following extract—

" The city library is an institution established in 1790; its direction is confided to a president, treasurer, and a committee of 15 other subscribing members of the society, under a well digested system of regulations. A librarian is also appointed, with a salary adequate to the nature of his duties. The collection of books is not

not as yet very abundant ; but from the presents it receives, and the purchases annually made by the committee, it is in a state of improvement that bids fair to become respectable in its number of books, as well as in the selection of its authors. The building is the property of the Presbyterian society, situated near their meeting-house, on the north side of Angel-street, of whom the subscribers to the library hold it by lease.' Vol. ii. p. 23.

We hope that it will be a reflection soon on every town, not to have a library. The expense is small, the advantage great. There is a London library, which, by a very little attention on the part of the rich merchants, might, in no great length of time, be made the finest in the world : but, whether they do not know of such a thing, or love their money too much or general knowledge too little, the library on Ludgate-hill is probably not superior to that of Worcester.

The work is enriched with plates, which are in general very well executed ; and the two volumes will make a very useful and ornamental addition to the library of an antiquarian, or a citizen of Worcester.

Discourses relating to the Evidences of Revealed Religion : delivered in Philadelphia, 1796 ; and published at the Request of many of the Hearers. By Joseph Priestley, LL. D. F. R. S. &c. &c. 8vo. 6s. Boards. Johnson. 1796.

EVERY liberal and humane mind, to whatever political party it may incline, will rejoice that the author of this work has found an asylum abroad,—and every Christian, of whatever denomination, will be pleased to see, that, still zealous for the cause of religion, Dr. Priestley resists the attacks of the infidels on the other side of the Atlantic. The question is not, which mode of faith adopted by Christians is most consistent with the scriptures,—but whether the scriptures shall have any authority at all ;—whether we are to give up the most important facts in history, the accumulated knowledge of so many centuries, for the sarcasms of a Voltaire or the crudities of a Paine. To place this question in a proper light, is the object of the work before us: the objections of the unbeliever are impartially examined,—the history of past ages is judiciously investigated,—the excellence of revealed religion is placed before our eyes ; and the candid inquirer after truth will here find, in a short compass, the merits of each side of the question very fairly appreciated.

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The table of contents will show the reader what he is to expect—

‘The Importance of Religion—Of the superior Value of Revealed Religion—A View of Heathen Worship—The same continued—The Excellence of the Mosaic Institutions—The same continued—The Principles of the Heathen Philosophy compared with those of Revelation—The same continued—The Evidence of the Mosaic and Christian Religions—The same continued—The Proof of Revealed Religion from Prophecy—Internal Evidence of Jesus being no Impostor—The Moral Influence of Christian Principles.’ P. xxiii.

The style and manner of Dr. Priestley are well known. Equally perspicuous, he places his sentiments in the plainest manner before his hearers: and it could not be an objection in Philadelphia, that he travels sometimes over the same ground which he has repeatedly trod with success in England.

In examining the heathen worship, he brings together a few of those public facts which must evidently discover the genius of that religion. The traits in it of cruelty, folly, superstition, and indecency, are very properly contrasted with the humanity, the wisdom, the purity, which run through the Jewish system. Reasons are given for those things in the Mosaic code, which are repugnant to our manners; and it would be sufficient to observe, that, if some of the ceremonies in the temple at Jerusalem have, since the revelation of a purer system, lost their value, they do not, like the heathen rites, offend against modesty and morality.

Religion and politics have been declared, by a celebrated bishop, to be the studies most worthy of the attention of a wise man. We would meet the infidels upon that ground, and challenge them to produce any thing from the collective wisdom of all ages upon these subjects, to be compared with what we find in our bibles. We say, as to religion, that the bible is the only work which contains pure notions of God, unmixed with folly or superstition; that it is the only work which teaches the reciprocal duties of man to his neighbour, without countenancing, in the least, the breach of that law of equity, which is in the mouths at last of modern philosophers, but which is the foundation-stone of revealed religion,—begins with Genesis, and pervades the whole to the final event of the Christian system in the Revelations. It is the only book which ascribes nothing to birth, rank, wealth, talents, and, in the example of Christ, prescribes that he who has the greatest advantages in these respects, should make use of them for the benefit of others,—should administer

minister as our Saviour did, to the wants of his brethren. In point of civil policy, we challenge them to shew so good a constitution as that of Moses, notwithstanding the wisdom of some thousand years might have been employed to improve upon it. In point of legislation, we desire a comparison only to be made between the laws of our own country and those of Moses. Let a comparison be made of the different spirit which pervades them. 'Thou shalt not give to a man more than forty stripes, lest thy brother be too much humbled in thy sight.'—Let the Englishman read this, and then look to the numberless statutes, which are a disgrace to our code and to humanity.

An examination, in this manner impartially conducted, cannot fail of producing good effects. The wit of infidels, like a blazing meteor, excites momentary surprise; it is gone, the instant that it is brought to the test of sound sense and the scriptures. Sceptics in vain deride the bible: it will continue to be more read than any other book, and afford consolation to the more serious part of mankind. As a proper answer to most of the objections of modern unbelievers, we recommend the perusal of this work to such of our readers as have not leisure to attend to the subject in a voluminous controversy; and particularly so, as the author's peculiar sentiments seldom obtrude themselves, and the arguments in general are equally maintained by every sect of Christians.

The Poetical Works of the Rev. Samuel Bishop, A. M. late Head-master of Merchant Taylors' School, Rector of St. Martin Outwich, London, and of Ditton in the County of Kent, and Chaplain to the Bishop of Bangor. To which are prefixed, Memoirs of the Life of the Author, by the Rev. Thomas Clare, A. M. 2 Vols. 4to. 2l. 2s. Boards. Cadell and Davies. 1796.

THOUGH Mr. Bishop's name as a poet may have been unknown till now to the generality of our readers, several little pieces of his, particularly those to his wife, on the anniversaries of her wedding day, with a ring, a knife, &c. have been long handed about in manuscript copies, or inserted in ephemeral publications. They were pretty; and, both from the conjugal tenderness exhibited in them, and the ingeniousness of the turn of thought, might have reminded us of the lines of a Swift to his Stella, without suggesting a very disadvantageous comparison. But great is the difference between polishing a pebble and erecting a palace. It has pleased those into whose hands Mr. Bishop's papers have fallen, to give to

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the world two quarto volumes of his poetry; and justice obliges us to say, we have seldom, in the course of our labours, seen a more insipid publication. Mr. Bishop was a man who fulfilled, with a very praise-worthy assiduity, the laborious employment to which his life was dedicated,—that of instructing youth. A man's amusements generally take their colour from his more serious occupations. *His* amusement was the literary one of writing verses; he used (say the memoirs of his life, which are prefixed to these volumes) ‘to devote the evenings to that employment, and sometimes, after a day spent in the labours of the school, would produce, at one sitting, a copy of verses of seventy or eighty lines.’ But it is impossible such hasty productions should be good ones. Mr. Bishop himself does not seem, in general, to have sought any other fruit from these rapid effusions, than the amusement of himself and his friends; and, except there exists some strong reason for it, it seems scarcely fair to bring a man before the judgment of the public, for every idle rhyme with which he may have amused his leisure.

The first volume of this publication consists of odes,—imitations of Milton,—the fairy Benison, a compliment to the royal family,—and a number of verses on all kind of topics, written for the boys of Merchant-Taylors’ school, to repeat on their public examination days. There is ingenuity in the turn of some of them, and they were very well for the occasion.

The second volume contains eighteen anniversary compliments to the author’s wife; all of them, no doubt, precious in the eye of affection, but not always sufficiently varied to captivate the attention of the indifferent reader. More family verses follow, miscellanies, and epigrams, with which last half the volume is filled. The greater part of the pieces do not exceed in length a card of compliments; nor, to say truth, are the subjects of more consequence. We shall give, as a specimen of the work, one of the ingenious compliments of the author to his lady—

‘ WITH SOME TABLE FURNITURE OF CUT GLASS.

‘ Esteem, when this glad morn appears,
Looks back on gratitude’s arrears;
And conscious still of comforts new,
Whose value with their numbers grew,
Gives wedded love, a double scope,
—How much to boast!—how much to hope!

“ Would love,” you’ll say, “ so very prone,
That boast to urge, that hope to own,

In

In brittle glass an emblem find,
For worth of such enduring kind?"

' Yes, girl, affection can pursue,
On any ground, some trace of you;
And ev'n in glass, just cause explore,
To deem the past, a pledge of more!

' From this same glass, the workman's art,
Has cut, 'tis true, th' exterior part;
And yet the loss the whole sustains,
Adds sevenfold price to what remains;
So time, that saps with gradual stealth,
Your prime of strength, your bloom of health,
Lessening their period, year by year,
Leaves all the residue more dear.

' This glass, o'er which the tool has gone,
Puts new, tho' native, radiance on;
And where a deeper touch it shews,
From pressure, into polish glows;
Till light in every angle plays,
Transmits more beams, reflects more blaze:
So toils, which resolute right procures,
Raise, by oppressing, minds like yours;
Bring powers inherent into light;
Prove them at once, and make them bright;
While patience multiplies, of course,
Each effort's lustre, with it's force.

' This glass, in short, whatever end
It's future fortunes shall attend,
Useful till broken, and when broke,
Crush'd, not obscur'd, beneath the stroke,
Will to transparent fragments pass,
A shining, tho' a shiver'd, mass:
So you, whatever hour to come,
Shall close your active virtue's sum,
Clear to the last, at last will know,
Ev'n under dissolution's blow,
That death (where life was what life shou'd)
Is only ceasing to do good.

Then, sorrowing-o'er a shock so rude,
Remembrance, conscience, gratitude,
Will treasure with religious care,
Each atom of a fame so fair:

" Such sense," 'twill say, " such genuine taste,
Such spirit, by such manners grac'd,
Such bland sensation's liberal glow,
So frank with joy, so kind to woe,

Tho' separate rays they now dispense,
 Form'd once, one general excellence;
 In Bishop's Mary long display'd
 The friend's, wife's, mother's praise;—and made,
 To honour'd age, from brilliant youth,
 Her bard, at least, the bard of truth!" Vol. ii. p. 49.

We shall give also the last epigram (gentle reader, it is the 297th), conveying the author's sense of the monotonous nature of his own profession—

' Genius, too oft, beneath adversity's frown,
 Drudges, laborious; vigorous; yet kept down:
 Never advanc'd, tho' never at a stay;
 Keeps on; perhaps shines on; but makes no way!
 —So fares the mettled steed, in harness bound,
 To drag some ponderous engine round and round!
 His toil is generous effort;—but 'tis still,
 Strength, perseverance, progress!—in a mill!' Vol. ii. p. 387.

To a man who has discharged well the duties of an employment so depressing to the more sprightly powers of the mind, it may well be forgiven that he has written verses rather for his own fire-side than for the world.

Narrative of a Five Years' Expedition against the revolted Negroes of Surinam in Guiana, on the wild Coast of South America; from the Year 1772, to 1777: elucidating the History of that Country, and describing its Productions, viz. Quadrupeds, Birds, Fishes, Reptiles, Trees, Shrubs, Fruits, and Roots; with an Account of the Indians of Guiana, and Negroes of Guinea. By Captain J. G. Stedman. Illustrated with Eighty elegant Engravings, from Drawings made by the Author. 2 Vols. 4to. 2l. 14s. Boards. Edwards. 1796.

TO enumerate the uses and advantages of accurate and authentic books of travels, would be to make a tedious progress through most of the departments of human science. From these the philosopher, and even the historian, collects some of his best materials. Geography is a science altogether founded on the observations of travellers; and natural history is obliged to them for every thing which is not presented to our view within the restricted boundaries of our native country. By such publications, commerce may be improved if not extended; and even judicious hints may be promulgated for the moral instruction and benefit of mankind. We cannot wonder, therefore, if, in every enlightened period of society,

ciety, such works are eagerly desired; and if very liberal encouragement is held forth to the authors and publishers of them; and our wonder will be still more diminished, when we consider, that, independent of their utility, they are the works, which above all others are most calculated for general entertainment. They inform without fatiguing the mind; they demand no extraordinary exertions of intellect for their comprehension; they exhibit frequently nature in her most pleasing garb, and they do not (like history) disgust by the black catalogue of human crimes.

Though Guiana is neither a recent discovery, nor a region untrodden by the intelligent and scientific traveller, yet considering that the soil is perhaps the richest in the world in natural curiosities, there was still ample room for the present publication. If we recollect rightly, no traveller, whose accounts have hitherto fallen under our inspection, ever penetrated so far into the interior of the country as captain Stedman, or at least, from long residence there, was equally well qualified for a minute and accurate description of the colony and its productions. We regret that the author has not given to his style a more uniform polish, though we must acknowledge that the work is not destitute of good writing, as is particularly conspicuous in some parts of the introductory chapters.

The expedition, which has given occasion to the present work, was undertaken against the rebel negroes, who, in the year 1772, had collected in considerable numbers in the woods, and given much disturbance and disquiet to the colony. The question respecting the moral right which these unfortunate persons had to assert their liberty and reclaim their independence, or the moral justice of an armament fitted out for the express destruction of these victims of oppression and avarice, we shall not at present discuss; we shall only observe, that we have never opened any work which is so admirably calculated to excite the most heart-felt abhorrence and detestation of that grossest insult on human nature,—domestic slavery.

The scenes of which captain Stedman was an eye-witness, he describes with a noble sensibility, and a generous horror and indignation:—nor can any man, who has sanctioned by his vote the continuance of the abominable slave-trade, read such accounts as these (if he be really possessed of the feelings of man) without, we apprehend, experiencing a remorse of conscience, which we might almost expect would terminate in the self-rigorous justice of a Clive.

When reflecting on the state (says captain Stedman) of slavery altogether, while my ears were stunned with the clang of the whip, and the dismal yells of the wretched negroes on whom it was exer-

cised, from morning till night; and considering that this might one day be the fate of the unfortunate mulatto I have been describing, should she chance to fall into the hands of a tyrannical master or mistress, I could not help execrating the barbarity of Mr. D. B. for having withheld her from a fond parent, who by bestowing on her a decent education and some accomplishments, would probably have produced, in this forsaken plant, now exposed to every rude blast without protection, an ornament to civilized society.

‘I became melancholy with these reflections; and in order to counterbalance, though in a very small degree, the general calamity of the miserable slaves who surrounded me, I began to take more delight in the prattling of my poor negro boy Quacoo, than in all the fashionable conversation of the polite inhabitants of this colony; but my spirits were depressed, and in the space of twenty-four hours I was very ill indeed; when a cordial, a few preserved tamarinds, and a basket of fine oranges, were sent by an unknown person. This first contributed to my relief, and losing about twelve ounces of blood, I recovered so far, that on the fifth I was able, for change of air, to accompany a captain Macneyl, who gave me a pressing invitation to his beautiful coffee plantation, called Sporkesgift, in the Matapaca Creek.’ Vol. i. p. 89.

On this estate—

‘Having observed a handsome young negro walk very lamely, while the others were capering and dancing, I enquired into the cause of his crippled appearance; when I was informed by this gentleman, that the negro having repeatedly run away from his work, he had been obliged to hamstring him, which operation is performed by cutting through the large tendon above one of the heels. However severe this instance of despotism may appear, it is nothing when compared with some barbarities which the task I have undertaken will oblige me, at the expence of my feelings, to relate.’ Vol. i, p. 94.

Captain Stedman proceeds to mention some other instances of cruelty, and of the degradation of these wretched and devoted beings—

‘As we were still in a state of inaction, I made another excursion, with a Mr. Charles Ryndorp, who rowed me in his barge to five beautiful coffee estates, and one sugar plantation, in the Matapaca, Paramarica, and Werapa Creeks; the description of which I must defer to another occasion; but on one of which, called Schovnort, I was the witness to a scene of barbarity which I cannot help relating.

‘The victim of this cruelty was a fine old negro slave, who having been as he thought undeservedly sentenced to receive some hundred lashes by the lacerating whips of two negro drivers, in the
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midst

midst of the execution pulled out a knife, which, after having made a fruitless thrust at his persecutor the overseer, he plunged up to the hilt in his own bowels, repeating the blow till he dropped down at the tyrant's feet. For this crime he was, being first recovered, condemned to be chained to the furnace which distils the kill-devil, there to keep in the intense heat of a perpetual fire night and day, being blistered all over, till he should expire by infirmity or old age, of the latter of which however he had but little chance. He shewed me his wounds with a smile of contempt, which I returned with a sigh and a small donation: nor shall I ever forget the miserable man, who, like Cerberus, was loaded with irons, and chained to everlasting torment. As for every thing else I observed in this little tour, I must acknowledge it to be elegant and splendid, and my reception hospitable beyond my expectation: but these Elysian fields could not dissipate the gloom which the infernal furnace had left upon my mind.

Of the coffee estates, that of Mr. Sims, called Limeshope, was the most magnificent, and may be deemed with justice one of the richest in the colony. We now once more, on the sixth of April, returned safe to Paramaribo, where we found the *Westerlingwerf* man of war, captain Crafs, which had arrived from Plymouth in thirty-seven days, into which port he had put to stop a leak, having parted company with us, as already mentioned, off Portland, in the end of December 1772. This day, dining at the house of my friend, Mr. Lolkens, to whom I had been, as I have said, recommended by letters, I was an eye witness of the unpardonable contempt with which negro slaves are treated in this colony. His son, a boy not more than ten years old, when sitting at table, gave a slap in the face to a grey-headed black woman, who by accident touched his powdered hair, as she was serving in a dish of kerry. I could not help blaming his father for overlooking the action; who told me, with a smile, that the child should no longer offend me, as he was next day to sail for Holland for education; to which I answered, that I thought it almost too late. At the same moment a sailor passing by, broke the head of a negro with a bludgeon, for not having saluted him with his hat.—Such is the state of slavery, at least in this Dutch settlement! Vol. ii. p. 95.

I have for some time been happily silent upon the subject of cruelty; and sorry I am, at a time when all appeared harmonious and peaceable, to be under the necessity of relating some instances, which I am confident must inspire the most unfeeling reader with horror and resentment. The first object which attracted my compassion during a visit to a neighbouring estate, was a beautiful *Samboe* girl of about eighteen, tied up by both arms to a tree, as naked as she came into the world, and lacerated in such a shocking manner by the whips of two negro-drivers, that she was from her neck

to her ancles literally dyed over with blood. It was after she had received two hundred lashes that I perceived her, with her head hanging downwards, a most affecting spectacle. When, turning to the overseer, I implored that she might be immediately unbound, since she had undergone the whole of so severe a punishment; but the short answer which I obtained was, that to prevent all strangers from interfering with his government, he had made an unalterable rule, in that case, always to double the punishment, which he instantaneously began to put in execution: I endeavoured to stop him, but in vain, he declaring the delay should not alter his determination, but make him take vengeance with double interest. Thus I had no other remedy but to run to my boat, and leave the detestable monster, like a beast of prey, to enjoy his bloody feast, till he was glutted. From that day I determined to break off all communication with overseers, and could not refrain from bitter imprecations against the whole relentless fraternity. Upon investigating the cause of this matchless barbarity, I was credibly informed, that her only crime consisted in firmly refusing to submit to the loathsome embraces of her detestable executioner. Prompted by his jealousy and revenge, he called this the punishment of disobedience, and she was thus fled alive.' Vol. i. p. 325.

At my return to the Hope, I was accosted by Mr. Ebber, the overseer of that estate, who with a woeful countenance informed me he had just been fined in the sum of twelve hundred florins, about one hundred guineas, for having exercised the like cruelty on a male slave; with this difference, that the victim had died during the execution. In answer to his complaint, so far from giving him consolation, I told him his distress gave me inexpressible satisfaction.

The particulars of this murder were as follow: during the time that captain Tulling commanded here, which was a little time before I came to the Hope, it happened that a fugitive negro belonging to this estate had been taken upon an adjoining plantation, and sent home, guarded by two armed slaves, to Mr. Ebber; which fugitive, during the time Ebber was reading the letter that accompanied him, found means to spring aside, and again escaped into the forest. This incensed the overseer so much, that he instantly took revenge upon the two poor slaves that had brought him. Tying them up in the carpenter's lodge, he continued flogging them so unmercifully, that captain Tulling thought proper to interfere, and beg for mercy; but, as in my case, his interference produced the opposite effect: the clang of the whip, mixed with their dismal cries, were heard to continue for above an hour after, until one of them expired under the cruel lash, which put an end to the inhuman catastrophe. A law-suit was instantly commenced against Ebber for assassination. He was convicted, but condemned

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to no other punishment than to pay the afore-mentioned hundred guineas, which price of blood is always divided between the fiscal and the proprietor of the deceased slave; it being a rule in Surinam, that by paying a fine of five hundred florins, not quite fifty pounds per head, any proprietor is at liberty to kill as many of his own negroes as he pleases; but if he kills those of his neighbour, he is also to pay him for the loss of his slave, the crime being first substantiated, which is very difficult in this country, where no slave's evidence can be admitted. Such is the legislature of Dutch Guiana, in regard to negroes. The above-mentioned Ebber was peculiarly tyrannical; he tormented a boy of about fourteen called Cadetty, for the space of a whole year, by flogging him every day for one month; tying him down flat on his back, with his feet in the stocks, for another; putting an iron triangle or pot-hook round his neck for a third, which prevented him from running away among the woods, or even from sleeping, except in an upright or sitting posture; chaining him to the landing-place, night and day, to a dog's kennel, with orders to bark at every boat or canoe that passed for a fourth month; and so on, varying his punishment monthly, until the youth became insensible, walking crooked, and almost degenerated into a brute. This wretch was, however, very proud of his handsomest slaves, and for fear of disfiguring their skins, he has sometimes let them off with twenty lashes, when, for their robberies and crimes, they had deserved the gallows. Such is the state of public and private justice in Surinam. The wretch Ebber left the Hope upon this occasion; and his humane successor, a Mr. Blenderman, commenced his reign by flogging every slave belonging to the estate, male and female, for having over-slept their time in the morning about fifteen minutes.

‘The reader will, no doubt, imagine, that such cruelties were unparalleled; but this is not the case, they were even exceeded, and by a female too.

‘A Mrs. S—lk—r going to her estate in a tent-berge, a negro woman, with her sucking infant, happened to be passengers, and were seated on the bow or fore-part of the boat. The child crying, from pain, perhaps, or some other reason, could not be hushed; Mrs. S—lk—r, offended with the cries of this innocent little creature, ordered the mother to bring it ast, and deliver it into her hands; then, in the presence of the distracted parent, she immediately thrust it out at one of the tilt-windows, where she held it under water until it was drowned, and then let it go. The fond mother, in a state of desperation, instantly leapt overboard into the stream, where floated her beloved offspring, in conjunction with which she was determined to finish her miserable existence. In this, however, she was prevented by the exertions of the negroes who rowed the boat, and was punished by her mistress with three or four hundred lashes for her daring temerity.’ Vol. i. p. 327.

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The reader is not, however, to imagine that the whole of these two volumes is consumed in detailing scenes of horror : there is much excellent local description, and even some humour in different parts of the narrative. The character of the old Swiss colonel Fourgeoud, in particular, is sketched with a considerable degree of pleasantry. Of the state of manners and civilisation in this colony, the following anecdotes will afford a tolerable idea—

‘ On the morning of the 22d, an elderly negro-woman, with a black girl about fourteen, entering my apartment, it would be difficult to express my astonishment when she gravely presented me her daughter, to become what she was pleased to term my wife. I had so little gallantry, however, as to reject the offer with a loud laugh ; but at the same time accompanied the refusal with a small but welcome present, with which they appeared perfectly satisfied, and departed with every possible demonstration of gratitude and respect. The girls here, who voluntarily enter into these connections, are sometimes mulattoes, sometimes Indians, and often negroes. They all exult in the circumstance of living with an European, whom in general they serve with the utmost tenderness and fidelity, and tacitly reprove those numerous fair ones who break through ties more sacred and solemn. Young women of this description cannot indeed be married, or connected in any other way, as most of them are born or trained up in a state of slavery ; and so little is the practice condemned, that while they continue faithful and constant to the partner by whom they are chosen, they are countenanced and encouraged by their nearest relations and friends, who call this a lawful marriage, nay, even the clergy avail themselves of this custom without restraint ; witness the rev. Mr. S—d—h—s, Mr. T—ll—t, &c. Many of the fable-coloured beauties will however follow their own penchant without any restraint whatever, refusing with contempt the golden bribes of some, while on others they bestow their favours for a dram or a broken tobacco-pipe, if not for nothing.

‘ The hospitality I had experienced on our first arrival in the colony was not confined to that time only : I had a general invitation to visit, besides his excellency the governor, and colonel Texier, the commandant, in more than twenty respectable families, whenever it suited my convenience ; so that, though the officers of our corps had formed a regimental mess, I had seldom the honour of their company. One gentleman, a Mr. Kennedy, in particular, carried his politeness so far, as not only to offer me the use of his carriage, saddle-horses, and table, but even to present me with a fine negro boy, named Quaco, to carry my umbrella as long as I remained in Surinam. The other gentlemen of the regiment also met with great civilities, and the whole colony seemed anxious to

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testify their respect, by vying with each other in a constant round of festivity. Balls, concerts, card-assemblies, and every species of amusement in their power, were constantly contrived for our entertainment. The spirit of conviviality next reached on board the men-of-war, where we entertained the ladies with cold suppers and dancing upon the quarter-deck, under an awning, till six in the morning, generally concluding the frolic by a cavalcade, or an airing in their carriages. This constant routine of dissipation, which was rendered still more pernicious by the enervating effects of an intensely hot climate, where one is in a perpetual state of perspiration, already threatened to become fatal to two or three of our officers. Warned by their example, I retired from all public companies, sensible that by such means I could alone preserve my health, in a country which has such a tendency to debilitate the human frame, that an European, however cautious to avoid excesses, has always reason to apprehend its dreadful effects.

‘Dissipation and luxury appear to be congenial to the inhabitants of this climate, and great numbers must annually fall victims to their very destructive influence. Their fatal consequences are indeed too visible in the men, who have indulged themselves in intemperance and other sensual gratifications, and who appear withered and enervated in the extreme; nor do the generality of the Creole females exhibit a more alluring appearance; they are languid, their complexions are fallow, and the skin even of the young ladies is frequently shrivelled. This is however not the case with all; and I have been acquainted with some who, preserving a glow of health and freshness in their lovely countenance, were intitled to contend for the prize of beauty with the fairest European. But, alas! the numbers of this last description are so small, that the colonists in their amours most usually prefer the Indian negro and mulatto girls, particularly on account of their remarkable cleanliness, health, and vivacity. For the excesses of the husbands in this respect, and the marked neglect which they meet from them, the Creole ladies most commonly, at a very early period, appear in mourning weeds, with the agreeable privilege however of making another choice, in the hopes of a better partner; nor are they long without another mate. Such indeed is the superior longevity of the fair females of Surinam, compared to that of the males (owing chiefly, as I said, to their excesses of all sorts) that I have frequently known wives who have buried four husbands, but never met a man in this country who had survived two wives.

‘The ladies do not, however, always bear with the most becoming patience the slights and insults they thus meet with, in the expectation of a sudden release, but mostly persecute their successful fable rivals (even on suspicion) with implacable hatred and the most unrelenting barbarity; while they chastise their partners not only with a show of ineffable contempt, but with giving in public
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the most unequivocal marks of preference towards those gentlemen who newly arrive from Europe; which occasioned the trite proverb and observation in the colony, that the tropical ladies and the musquitoes have an instinctive preference for a newly-landed European: this partiality is indeed so very extreme, and the proofs of it so very apparent and nauseous, that some command of temper is necessary to prevent the disgust which such behaviour must naturally excite, particularly where the object is not very inviting; nay, it was even publicly reported at Paramaribo, that two of these Tropical Amazons had fought a duel for the sake of one of our officers.' Vol. i. p. 25.

We have already intimated that the first part of this work is, in general, better written than the concluding parts, in which we discover, occasionally, not only very coarse language, but considerable inaccuracies, and some bad grammar. Even in the preface, a few instances of false concord occur, such as, 'Tyranny *are* exposed,'—'If the plain and manly truth *are* of any avail,' &c.—Should the work, therefore, reach a second edition (which from its interesting contents, we think may reasonably be expected), we earnestly recommend to the author to submit it to the revision of some intelligent friend, who may prune it of a few excrescences, and particularly of the profaneness which sometimes disgusts the reader, and who may at least give it, what no publication ought to be deficient in, grammatical correctness.

The engravings are executed in a style of uncommon elegance, and are useful and pleasing illustrations of the narrative.

A New Inquiry into the Suspension of Vital Action, in Cases of Drowning and Suffocation. Being an Attempt to concentrate into a more Luminous Point of View, the scattered Rays of Science, respecting that interesting though mysterious Subject. To elucidate the Proximate Cause, to appreciate the present Remedies, and to point out the best Method of restoring Animation. By A. Fothergill, M. D. F. R. S. &c. &c. 8vo. 3s. Boards. Rivingtons. 1795.

THIS is an answer to the following questions proposed by the Royal Humane Society,—1. 'What is the proximate cause of death in the various kinds of suffocation?' 2. 'What are the most judicious means to be employed to restore animation?' To this Inquiry the gold medal of the Society was adjudged, as appears from the *luminous* oration of the president, which is prefixed to the work.

In the introductory part of the Inquiry the author considers the

the merits and importance of the Humane Society, after which he tells us, that—

‘ On the present interesting, but truly recondite subject, much has been already discovered—but much still remains to be explored—

‘ In the prosecution of this laborious undertaking, as in the arduous attempt to ascend the Andes, no sooner have we joyfully gained the overshadowing summit, which bounded our view, than the horizon widens, and discloses still higher eminences, which oppose fresh obstacles to our progress!

‘ *Hills peep o’er hills—and Alps on Alps arise.*’ P. xvi.

Difficult and discouraging as these circumstances may seem, the doctor thinks them by no means insurmountable. They ought, in his opinion, ‘ to stimulate our ardour and renew our zeal.’

He here modestly apologises for not having made ‘ a new series of experiments on brute animals.’ We think with him that knowledge is much too dear, when it can only be purchased at the expense of humanity; and are clearly of opinion that it is highly immoral and criminal to sacrifice the lives of other creatures to ascertain a speculative point.

The ‘ Observations on Life and the Comparative Faculties of Man and other Animals’ afford the reader nothing new. The doctor has indeed only just touched upon the most prominent parts of the subject. What we know respecting the soul, he seems to think, amounts to nothing more than this, that man has a sentient principle existing within him, which thinks, reflects, combines ideas, and performs various operations apparently incompatible with any modification of matter hitherto discovered. ‘ And with this knowledge,’ says he, ‘ I apprehend we must at last endeavour to rest contented. For if this sentient or thinking principle be immaterial, it cannot be an object of our senses; and if it be not an object of our senses, it will probably ever elude our keenest researches.’

On simple vitality or sensitive life, the doctor’s remarks are judicious, though they do not present us with much novelty of remark. He conceives, and perhaps justly, that—

‘ The principle of vitality does not appear to be seated in the blood or animal fluids; nor to have confined its residence to the stomach, the heart, or even to the brain, though parts, which physiologists have emphatically termed vital organs. Where then shall we look next for this fugitive being? While we attempt to trace it to this or that organ, and persist in considering it as a *separate* living principle inhabiting some secret recess of the system, it

it will continue to elude the search; and we shall probably at length be convinced, that philosophers have been pursuing for many centuries past, a mere phantom of the imagination.' P. 11.

Organization he considers as only a condition or necessary step towards animation.

From this the doctor is led to the consideration of irritability, in which Haller has supposed vitality to consist. But here we meet with nothing satisfactory: indeed the matter is very slightly handled. Respecting the essence of the soul, the intimate nature of irritability, and the means by which they are connected with an organized body, the author thinks we are totally ignorant; though we cannot dispute their existence:

Causa latet—vis est notissima.

'Life therefore, says he, consists in motion, and the animal machine, during its existence, exhibits perhaps the most curious *perpetuum mobile* in Nature. All its vital motions proceed in a complete circle, of which we neither know beginning nor end. Thus the heart and vascular system propel the fluids, while these again stimulate the vessels which contain them. Emotions of the soul influence the body, and bodily affections disturb the soul. The circulation of the blood imparts energy to the brain, and affections of the brain disorder the circulation of the blood. Circulation in a great measure regulates secretion, and secretion circulation. The stomach sympathizes with all the vital organs, and all the vital organs with the stomach.' P. 14.

The intelligent physiologist will readily perceive that the definition of our author is equally open to objection, and not less beset with difficulties, than those which he has rejected. Life is surely something more than mere *motion*.

After this, the doctor gives us an account of the manner in which vital action is supposed to be suspended in drowning, hanging, by noxious airs, and from smothering.

On this part of the subject he has done little more than merely collect the results of the experiments which have been made with a view to ascertain these points.

The explanation of the nature of vital air, and of respiration, and its effects on the blood, is, we believe, tolerably correct, though much too confined. Animal heat, and its connection with respiration, is treated in the same concise and summary way. Indeed the author hardly seems to have been sufficiently full on these heads for the complete illustration of the different points of the subject of his inquiry to which he has occasion to apply them. At least, if he had taken a more comprehensive view of these parts of his subject, the work would have been
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more valuable and more complete. It is indeed upon our obtaining a full and correct knowledge of the effects of these powerful agents, that a considerable part of the difficulty of the investigation depends.

An account of the proximate cause of death in cases of drowning and suffocation is here introduced; and the objections which the doctor has made to the various opinions which have been maintained on this curious subject are in general pertinent; though they do not, in our idea, go so far in overturning the opinions to which they are opposed, as the author supposes.

On the whole, the doctor's conclusion on the subject is, that the effects of the various kinds of suffocation are so very similar that they may be considered as depending on the same cause, viz. the deprivation of vital air. This animating fluid, derived from the atmosphere, being essential to respiration, and respiration to life, he thinks, leads to the following chain of causes and effects.

‘No sooner is the vital air excluded, than respiration is suspended; respiration being suspended, the passage of the blood through the lungs is intercepted, and of course through the whole system.—The action of the heart being impeded by the same cause, the circulation is suppressed. The brain, unsupported by the circulation, being unable to exert its influence, the mental and corporeal actions cease, and the mind is no longer conscious of the state of the body. The blood being deprived of its power of generating heat, a coldness diffuses itself over the system. Unless aid be now properly administered, the principle of irritability gradually forsakes the fibres, first in the extreme parts, afterwards in the heart itself, when the animal dies.

‘From an attentive consideration of the various phenomena thus brought into a small compass, the order in which they succeed one another, and the effects which ensue, does it not appear evident that, in these different species of suffocation, the exclusion of vital air from the lungs is the primary cause of suspended respiration, and that suspended respiration is the immediate cause of the suspension of the other vital actions? But since vital action may be suspended by various causes without being extinguished, it is now well known that persons, labouring under such a state of suspension, may often yet be recovered by renewing the action. Such a critical situation, however, may not improperly be considered as an intermediate step between life and death. If to this succeeds the extinction of irritability or of that oscillatory principle (whatever it may be) which renders the heart and muscular fibres susceptible of stimulus, it constitutes the proximate cause of death.

The doctor *here* proceeds to examine more *fully* the influence of vital air in the animal economy. In much, however, of what he has advanced, especially respecting irritability, there is not any thing new. The view which Doctor Brown has taken of this very interesting subject comprehends much of the same kind of reasoning with that which has engaged the author's attention in the present inquiry. In some respects the former has not indeed gone so far as Doctor Fothergill: for the latter concludes, that—

‘As irritability co-exists with animal heat, and keeps pace with it through life, it probably proceeds from a similar cause. But animal heat has already been shewn to depend on vital air, for without vital air no heat can be generated. May not vital air then, so essential to heat, be considered as the proximate cause of irritability, agreeably to what I have hinted at in a former Essay?—Hints on Animation. p. 122.’ p. 67.

This being admitted, our author supposes that we may better account for the following circumstances—

‘1st. Why irritability in a state of excitation may be deemed the principle of life.

‘2ly. Why irritability is increased by breathing pure vital air.

‘3ly. Why noxious air, by destroying irritability, and depriving the muscles of vital air, kills an animal sooner than other modes of suffocation.

‘4ly. Why the heart, being stimulated with blood that has just received oxygen in its passage through the lungs, possesses more heat and irritability than any other muscle in the body.

‘5ly. Why its right cavity, containing a greater quantity of heat evolved in a sensible form, is more irritable than the left, which receives it in a latent state. And, consequently, why the vital motion of the right survives that of the left.

‘6ly. Why the calces of metals, in consequence of the vital air which they imbibe during calcination or solution of mineral acids, become far more active medicines than the metals themselves. Hence the extraordinary power which calcined mercury, corrosive sublimate, red precipitate, and lunar caustic, though applied in very minute quantity, are found to exert on the irritable fibres.

‘7ly. Finally, Why vital air promises to afford the most effectual antidote against the baleful effects of mephitic vapours, putrid animal effluvia, and other species of noxious air, which suddenly extinguish human life.’ p. 67.

Having endeavoured to trace the nature of animal heat and irritability still farther, and to show that they have their origin in vital air, the doctor proceeds to undertake a task of much greater difficulty,

ficulty, and which has hitherto eluded the keenest research of the physiologist: it is, to account for sensibility and voluntary motion, or the cause that actuates the brain and nervous system. On this subject we have not met, in any of the numerous attempts that have been made, with any thing that seemed to approach to truth; nor is the hypothesis or conjecture of doctor Fothergill, which supposes the nervous influence to depend on electricity, more satisfactory. It is a conclusion which is involved in considerable difficulty, and which would seem to rest upon insufficient data. Neither the beautiful discovery of professor Galvani, nor the ingenious experiments of Dr. Valli or Dr. Fowler, though they may be thought favourable to such an opinion by some, afford any very strong or convincing proofs of the justness of the author's position.

We shall therefore quit this unprofitable part of the inquiry, and proceed to the consideration of the more practical conclusions of the author. From the principles which the doctor has laid down, it follows that the circumstances mentioned below are unfavourable to recovery from drowning.

1. A plethoric, asthmatic, or hectic habit. 2. Intense cold, or submersion under ice. 3. Water imbibed into the lungs. 4. Intoxication. 5. Timidity. 6. Horror.

This last, probably, surpasses all the rest, for when extreme terror seizes a poor timid sufferer, destitute of presence of mind, the terrific idea at once arrests the principle of life, and instantly cuts off every resource. Hence may be conceived why some perish irrecoverably during the first moments of submersion.

On the contrary, why a firm habit, sobriety, fortitude of mind, and a warm season may all tend to protract life, and facilitate recovery. If to these be added a skill in diving, an accidental floating of the body with the face upwards, or above all, the *foramen ovale* remaining open (as in some rare instances happens through life), we may account why certain persons resist the watery element so much longer than others. And why a few remarkable escapes of this sort have, in former times, been exaggerated into miracles, and given rise to the most incredible stories. p. 88.

Several practical remarks of considerable utility are introduced in this part of the performance.

On the process of nature in restoring animation, we have little more than ingenious conjecture. From the idea which the author entertains respecting the proximate cause of the suspension of vital action, it is natural to conclude, in the cure—

‘ That the 1st grand indication is to renew the action of the lungs, in order to open a free passage to the blood through that organ :

‘ 2dly, To excite the energy, or propulsive power of the heart, in order to enable it to overcome the resistance.’ P. 102.

On the means best adapted to the restoration of suspended respiration, and the most advantageous methods of applying them, the doctor’s observations and directions are clear, judicious and useful.

In an Appendix we have a description of the necessary instruments, and a few hints for their improvement. On the whole, this is a judicious and valuable performance, though on some, and those perhaps the more important points, the author’s conclusions remain to be confirmed by the test of future experiment.

The Negro Slaves, a Dramatic-Historical Piece, in Three Acts. Translated from the German of the President de Kotzebue. 8vo. 3s. sewed. Cadell and Davies. 1796.

BEATTIE has well observed, that ‘ to instruct is an end common to all good writing, to all poetry, all history, all sound philosophy. But of these, last the principal end is to instruct ; and if this single end be accomplished, the philosopher and the historian will be allowed to have acquitted themselves well ; but the poet must do a great deal for the sake of pleasure only ; and if he fail to please, he may indeed deserve praise on other accounts, but as a poet he has done nothing.’

The German tragic writers are wholly free from the cold declamation and dull stateliness of the French school ; but they too frequently exempt themselves from this,—the poet’s first duty,—TO GIVE PLEASURE. With the exception, perhaps, of Lessing, they all overstep the boundary which divides the tragic from the horrid ; the former of which (we avail ourselves of the forcible expressions of Dr. Darwin) ‘ consists of distress attended with pity, which is said to be allied to love, the most agreeable of all our passions ; and the latter in distress, accompanied with disgust, which is allied to hate, and is one of our most disagreeable sensations. Hence when horrid scenes of cruelty are represented, we wish to dis-
beave their existence, and voluntarily exert ourselves to escape from the deception : whereas the bitter cup of true tragedy is mingled with some sweet consolatory drops, which endear our views, and we continue to contemplate the interesting delusion, with a delight which it is not easy to explain.’ Bot. Gar. Vol. v. p. 95.

These remarks apply with peculiar force against the tragedy
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now before us. The author indeed, in his Preface, 'entreats his readers, spectators, and critics, not to consider this piece merely as a drama. It is intended to represent at one view all the horrible cruelties which are practised towards our black brethren. The poet has given them a simple cloathing, without any of the embellishments of invention.'

This piece, however, is so far a drama, that it has been acted; and from this circumstance we may fairly estimate the strength of the German nerves. For the truth of the shocking facts which he has introduced in his tragedy, Kotzebue refers us to Raynal, Selle, Sprengel, Isert, and the Black Code: but surely he should have remembered, that a number of scattered events, each of which has actually taken place, may yet, by being combined into one piece, make a more improbable history than that of the seven champions of Christendom. Far be it from us to countenance the false and cowardly sensibility which would prevent the rich and the happy from making themselves acquainted with the distresses of their fellow-creatures. We believe that enormities, at which a Caligula might have turned pale, have been committed in the West Indies, and still may be committed; and even if tyranny should be compelled to relax and soften her features, the trade itself must ever disgrace our country, and even our nature. It is undoubtedly our duty to learn and to publish its cruelties; but we contend that the theatre is not the fit place, nor poetry the proper vehicle.

The negroes in this tragedy are all heroes and heroines, distinguished by a strength of intellect, a refinement of sentiment, and a sublimity of virtue, which would be almost marvellous among the best and most cultivated Europeans. The author, like a skilful ventriloquist, throws his own voice and sentiments into the mouths of all his characters. This, however, seems to have been necessary, in order to make the piece interesting as a drama: and we must except, from the remark, the character of the rich planter (John) which is conceived boldly and truly, and managed with the hand of a master. His sneering observations on the use of the word 'heart,' in pages 11 and 13, are admirably characteristic. We have selected, as specimens of the author's genius, the following dialogues from the first act of the play, as being in themselves truly beautiful and pathetic, and not chargeable with those blood-freezing incidents and narrations which crowd on our feelings in most of the other scenes—

William. Brother, do you know you are carrying on a vile trade?

John. How so?

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William.

‘ *William.* I cannot relish a morsel in your house.

‘ *John.* I am sorry for that.

‘ *William.* I find no repose in your beds.

‘ *John.* I sleep very well.

‘ *William.* When the overseer flogs out the poor slaves at sunrise, do their cries never wake you?

‘ *John.* I am used to it.

‘ *William.* Righteous God! is it in the nature of man to reconcile himself to every thing, and even to wean himself from common humanity?

‘ *John.* What can I do? You would not have me cultivate the sugar-canes myself?

‘ *William.* And is it absolutely necessary they should be cultivated?

‘ *John.* What a wonderful question!

‘ *William.* Tell me, brother, do you think slaves are men?—I bet a wager he is often asked this question.

‘ *John.* I treat them as men.

‘ *William.* (ironically) Indeed?

‘ *John.* I give them to eat and to drink.

‘ *William.* You do the same to your dogs.

‘ *John.* And they are not much better than dogs. Believe me, brother, they are a race, destined by nature to slavery.

‘ *William.* Where has God stamped the mark of slavery on them?

‘ *John.* They descend from Cain, they are black, because the father of their family was the first who killed his brother.

‘ *William.* Excellent!

‘ *John.* They are cunning, vicious and stupid. They acknowledge the superiority of our minds, and of course the justice of our dominion.

‘ *William.* They are stupid because slavery destroys all energy of mind; they are ill-disposed, but they do not shew it to you, as you deserve. They lie, because no one dares to speak the truth to tyrants. They acknowledge the superiority of our minds because we keep them in eternal ignorance; and the justice of our dominion, because we abuse their weakness.—Alas! you have done every thing in the world to depreciate these unhappy wretches, and then you complain that they are stupid and evil-inclined.

‘ *John.* But were not negroes born to be slaves?

‘ *William.* Certainly not. No man can be born a slave. Whether you are a prince, or a father, who gave you that right?

‘ *John.* But if the negro sold himself! He is master of his life, why not also of his liberty? He himself fixes the price.

‘ *William.* The liberty of man is invaluable!

‘ *John.* So much the worse for him, if he sells me a treasure below its proper worth. He is the fool, but I am no knave.

‘ *William.*

' *William*. Sell himself? he dares not, because he dares not do all that an unjust master requires of him as a slave.—He belongs to his first master, to God, who never gave him his liberty! a man may sell his life as a soldier, but not the abuse of his life as a slave.

' *John*. But the greatest part of them were made prisoners in battle; if we had not intervened they would have suffered death.

' *William*. They never would have been made prisoners but for you. Their battles are your work. And if the conqueror makes a bad use of his victory, why would you be his accomplice?

' *John*. But several were criminals who would have been condemned to death by this time in their own country.

' *William*. And are you the African hangman's deputy?

' *John*. At least, are they not just as happy here, as there?

' *William*. Then, why do they sigh without intermission after their own country? Why would they chuse rather to live with tigers and lions than with you? Why do they poison and hang themselves? Why out of nine millions of slaves which the new world received, are seven and an half dead?

' *John*. Do other nations treat them better than we Englishmen?

' *William*. Alas, no! The Spaniard makes the negroes companions of his indolence, the Portuguese makes them subservient to his vices, and the Dutchman abuses them as the victims of his avarice. The Frenchman makes them bend to laborious work, and often refuses them necessities; but he sometimes laughs with them, which lightens their misery. The Englishman never laughs, never shews them any condescension.

' *John*. I will level all your pretended philosophy at one stroke; without us, they never would have known the Christian religion,—They exchange their freedom for the salvation of their souls.

' *William*. Oh divine lawgiver! how couldst thou foresee that such cruelties could be justified from thy mild precepts!—If religion sanctifies the crime, away with it for ever! Harangue loudly, ye servants of the church! Preach loudly against it! Zeal would here be wisdom, and silence transgression.

' *John*. This is all idle declamation, imported from the universities.—At this rate we shall grow no coffee-trees, nor ripen any sugar-canes. You are in possession of a fine fortune, which our father acquired by means of the negro-slaves, and it makes you happy, is not that true? [Exit smiling,

' *William (alone)*. Alas! he is right! I blush for every shilling in my pocket! every morsel I put into my mouth is embittered by the tears of suffering human nature.

SCENE VII.

' WILLIAM, ADA, and LILLI.

' *Ada*. Good white man, do I find you alone? Be not angry.

When, just now, your brother was so unkind to me, I plainly saw that it gave you concern, and it immediately occurred to me, apply to William, he will protect thee. Good white man, I implore thee to protect me!

‘ *Lilli.* Thy eyes are like thy father’s, friendly good eyes.

‘ *William.* My dear child, would to God I could help thee!

‘ *Ada.* God will assist thee in it, certainly. I am a poor innocent creature who never crushed a worm designedly; why then am I so tormented?

‘ *William.* Do you call it being tormented, to be beloved?

‘ *Ada.* And do you call that love, which your brother requires?

‘ *Lilli.* Have you forgot the burning cotton and needles?

‘ *William.* To be crabbed, and morose, is a habit with him. You should overlook that.

‘ *Ada.* I cannot, if I would.—I have not room in my heart for two men.

‘ *William.* Have you left a lover behind you in Africa?

‘ *Ada.* Only a lover? much more than a lover! a husband!

‘ *William.* It is plain you are not a European.

‘ *Ada.* We had hardly been as long married as the banana is in bloom—We lived on the coast; the sea gave us fish, the forest behind supplied us with wild fowl, on each side of us were the green seedlings of Turkish wheat, and in the centre of all, ourselves, and one heart betwixt us—Believe me, we had enough.

‘ *William.* I do indeed believe thee, my good child.

‘ *Ada.* A little bag with baked Turkey-meal quieted our hunger, and when I brought home my calabash of an evening full of palm-wine, it was more refreshing to us than rum is to the whites. And when we rested together at night on the same woven mat, our sleep was sweeter than that of our chief on his European carpet. Something was with us, and about us, that breathed serenity and a sense of joy, and to which we knew not how to give a name.—It was love!

‘ *William.* And who destroyed your tranquil happiness?

‘ *Ada.* Some white men stole me while my husband was absent. They sold Ada, the stolen slave, to your brother, but they could not sell the loving and beloved Ada. Between those walls of intertwined palm branches breathes yet the spirit of my love.

‘ *William.* Of what use is this enthusiastic fidelity to a husband whom thou wilt never see again?

‘ *Ada.* I see him continually, and he is before my eyes every where!—Oh you must not talk me out of my last hope!—Never see him again?—What good can it do thee to tear from the hand of an unhappy wretch, the straw to which he clings? and supposing you in the right, what is this instant of time to me?—this little foot of land which you call the world?—A day will come when I shall

shall see him!—Is it not true that you believe in a better life, where negroes are allowed to be happy?

‘ *Lilli.* Let us laugh then at our white tyrants! This cannot always last.—Our chief called himself master of heaven and earth, but the earth has obtained its mastery over him, and has covered him. Is it not so? the whites torment us for a season, but when it grows too bad, we have a friend who is no friend to them. He bears a hideous name. He is called Death. But who would ask the name of his deliverer? Who would take fright at the name of his benefactor?—Huzzah, Ada! Life is only a toy; we are no longer children, we throw it away.

‘ *William.* Cheerful girl! you suit yourself to your lot!

‘ *Lilli.* I was born in Congo. In Congo and Loango, we are ever gay; we live to-day, and enjoy to-day, and think not of the morrow. Of course hospitality dwells in our cottages, and we abhor all meanness. Therefore we call you Europeans close-handed. We think not of the past, we count our years no more than we do the drops of water which the great river revolves under our feet. We believe in the great God Numbo, but who is too much exalted to care about us. In Congo and Loango, we could laugh whole days at trifles. Our young men are excellent mimics. They understand imitating the cries of animals. They are enlivened whenever they hear music, and dancing never fatigues them.

‘ *William.* Contented people!

‘ *Lilli.* Shall I teach you to be always cheerful?

‘ *William.* Then thou wilt teach me what a thousand European philosophers have failed in.

‘ *Lilli.* Nothing easier. Only observe two rules. Do nothing wrong, and rise hungry from table. By this means the soul and body will always remain in health. I take care of the one, and your brother of the other. *(She laughs.)*

‘ *William.* Golden rules!

‘ *Lilli.* Why golden? I would not confide in the man who compares every thing that is beautiful and good to gold.—Rather call them rules of the sun, for they warm the heart; or rules of death, for they teach us to die cheerfully. Thy father was well acquainted with them. I always rejoice when I recollect how our old master died.

‘ *William.* Thou rejoicest?

‘ *Lilli.* Yes indeed! he sat on a chair in this room—

‘ *William.* *(hastily)* In this room? Where? Where?

‘ *Lilli.* *(pointing to the spot)* There he sat.

‘ *William.* *(agitated)* There?—Go on.

‘ *Lilli.* He called in all his slaves.—Children, he said, I am going to God.—Father, we cried, give us thy blessing!—then he blessed us, and we blessed him. He smiled—and we cried.

‘ *William.* I see then thou canst not always laugh.

‘ *Lilli.* Why not? Do you mean because of the tears which are rolling down my cheeks? When I cry in this way, my heart at the same time laughs.

‘ *William.* Good, amiable creature!

‘ *Lilli.* Of what use are smooth words to us? Do not praise us, but help us.

‘ *William.* I cannot.

‘ *Lilli.* Why not? Are you not a son of our old master?

‘ *William.* I am but the youngest brother.

‘ *Lilli.* Is it then only in the power of the elder brother to do good?—Divide your riches as you will, but the right of doing good ought to be equally shared between brothers.—You are silent? You consider Ada and me with compassion?—Oh trouble not yourself about me; my guardian angels are Hope and Cheerfulness; but protect Ada, she is in want of both.

‘ *Ada.* Protect me, good white man!

‘ *William.* What can I do?—I have offered my brother a large sum for thy liberty;—he refused it,

‘ *Lilli.* He refused money! poor Ada! if he love thee more than money, then thou art lost!

‘ *Ada.* Oh, if thy father had lived but a few weeks longer, the vessel was then equipping to carry me to my husband’s arms.—My benefactor died.—Well, I too can die!

‘ *Lilli.* Hear’st thou—Poor Ada! Look at her. Is she not beautiful as the flower Gloriosa? and she is still more good than beautiful.—Fy! you are horrid people! we lacerate our bodies; you, your souls.—We believe that the scars on our faces add to our beauty; you consider your vices as ornaments.—Which ought to reprove the other?’ P. 26.

We have had no opportunity of comparing the translation with the original. The language is every where correct and appropriate.—The last lines of the president de Kotzebue’s dedication to the Danish counsellor of justice, &c. exhibits a charming picture of rural simplicity and literary leisure, and will leave pleasant impressions on the minds of our readers—

‘ Here in rural solitude, at a distance from all that can be justly or unjustly called great, surrounded only by the charms of nature; here, where love, friendship, independence crown my head daily with fresh flowers; from hence will I stretch out my hand to my brave friend, and intreat him in the midst of his more public walk, sometimes to cast an eye on the peaceful shore, where his friend has raised himself a cottage under shady elms.’ P. vi.

An Historical Treatise of a Suit in Equity: in which is attempted a scientific Deduction of the Proceedings used on the Equity Sides of the Courts of Chancery and Exchequer, from the Commencement of the Suit to the Decree and Appeal; with occasional Remarks on their Import and Efficacy; and an introductory Discourse on the Rise and Progress of the equitable Jurisdiction of those Courts. By Charles Barton, of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law. 8vo. 5s. Boards. Clarke and Son. 1796.

THERE is no department of publication to which the disgrace of *book-making* can be more justly attributed than in the profession of the law: where one author or editor of a law-book discovers a depth of acquaintance with the principles of the science, and a valuable extent of professional erudition, there are very many (*servum pecus!*) who obtrude their uninformative jargon, or clumsy compilations, to a degree of frequency, which operates as a heavy tax on the *purse* and the *patience* of the legal public.

Whether from indigence or ostentation,—whether to get a few pounds, or to please vanity by a name in the title page,—from whatever cause this illiberal practice may originate, it cannot be too severely reprobated, as tending to encourage idleness among the junior members of the profession, and greatly to diminish the literary respect which (for we think there is no good reason to the contrary) ought to be commanded by publications of the legal kind, as well as by those in any other science. It becomes our duty, as reviewers, to exclaim, and to exclaim strongly, against this evil, though we do not mean to apply these our animadversions, in their full extent, to the production before us.

The author himself speaks of it in the following terms—

‘The principal design of the following sketch, is to furnish the student with such a knowledge of the proceedings in our courts of equity, as may enable him to understand them scientifically, and prepare them with accuracy. It is submitted to the judgment of the profession with, it is hoped, a becoming diffidence, but without apprehension; (*of what?*) for however conscious the author may be of his own deficiency, he is equally sensible of their liberality: every allowance, he is persuaded, will be made for the errors of a first attempt, and some, perhaps, for the unavoidable inaccuracies of a first impression.’

This is certainly very modest language; but we are by no means persuaded of the necessity of such a publication, as the books from which it is compiled, generally form a part of the library of the youngest student; with a trifling labour of re-
search,

search, Harrison's Chancery Practice, Mitford's Pleadings, and Woodesson's Vinerian Lectures, will supply ample information, both theoretical and practical, on the subject. Mr. Barton's notes to this historical treatise have however a claim to the praise of industry, though not to much originality of matter.

Miscellaneous Works of Edward Gibbon, Esq.

(Continued from Vol. XVIII p. 256.)

IN a former Review, we presented our readers with a sketch of the life of Mr. Gibbon; and we shall now submit to their perusal the most interesting of those letters which, with his life, form the first volume. Some of these, as strong proofs of the early period at which his genius began to display itself, must be welcome; and some, from announcing his opinions concerning a revolution which has shaken Europe to the centre, will engage attention. Of the first description are the letters to Mr. Gesner; and of the last are a few from his correspondence with Lord Sheffield.

The first letter to Mr. Gesner contains some doubts concerning Piso, to whom Horace addressed his Art of Poetry, and the time of Catullus' death; it was written in French, though we have adopted the translation: and when we consider that it was written by a youth who had scarcely completed his nineteenth year, we confess we feel, in perusing it, the highest admiration at this proof of his premature genius, of his extensive reading, of his pointed observations.

‘ Mr. GIBBON to Mr. GESNER.

‘ Sir,

‘ Among the Romans, that generous people, who had so many institutions worthy of being admired and imitated, the most respectable old lawyers, whose long labours had rendered them the oracles of the bar, did not think their time useless to the community, when it was employed in forming the talents of youth, and in providing for themselves worthy successors. This excellent custom ought to be adopted and extended to other sciences. Whoever is acquainted with your reputation and your works, will not deny you the title of one of the most learned men of the age; and I hope that my foolish presumption does not deceive me, when I ascribe to myself some natural aptitude for succeeding in the pursuits of literature. Your correspondence would be highly useful to me. On this ground only I request it. In the hope that it will not be refused, I proceed to beg your explanation of some difficulties

culties that I have met with, and your opinion of some conjectures that have occurred to my mind.

‘Who was that Piso, the father, to whom Horace addresses his *Art of Poetry*? Mr. Dacier supposes him to have been the high-priest who obtained a triumph for his exploits in Thrace, and who died præfect of the city in the seven hundred and eighty-fifth year of Rome. But that could not be the man; for Horace’s *Art of Poetry* was written before the year seven hundred and thirty-four, since it makes mention of Virgil (who died that year) in terms which shew that he was still alive; and in another part of the poem, Horace addresses the eldest of Piso’s sons, as a young man of cultivated talents; which implies that he was not less than eighteen or twenty years of age. But L. Piso, the high-priest, could not surely have a son so old. He himself died at the age of fourscore, in the seven hundred and eighty-fifth year of Rome. He was born, then, in seven hundred and five; and was not above thirty when the *Art of Poetry* was written. It is clear, therefore, that he is not the person to whom Horace writes; but, among the number of other men who bore that name, I wish that you would help me to discover the Piso to whom that poem was most probably addressed.’ Vol. i. p. 351.

‘A difference of opinion between Scaliger and Isaac Vossius concerning the time of Catullus’ death, made great noise in the republic of letters. I have not at hand the original arguments of those learned men, which are contained in their respective editions of Catullus; but Bayle has given us a particular account of their dispute, with his own reflections on the subject. I am sorry that I cannot draw from the fountain head; but Bayle’s accuracy as a compiler will not be disputed.

‘Notwithstanding the labours of these great scholars, I am far from thinking the question decided. Vossius seems to me to place Catullus’ death too early, and Scaliger certainly fixes it at too late an æra. That poet surely did not die in the year of the city six hundred and ninety-six; but neither did he live to see the secular games of Augustus celebrated in seven hundred and thirty-six. Let us prove these assertions, and endeavour to find out the true æra in questions which must have been at an intermediate time between the years just mentioned.

‘Catullus speaks of Great Britain and its inhabitants, with which Cæsar first made the Romans acquainted, by his expedition thither, in the year of Rome, six hundred and ninety-eight. Catullus also mentions the second consulship of Pompey, which happened on that same year. He lived so late as the year seven hundred and six, since he speaks of the consulship of Vatinius. I will not make use of Scaliger’s arguments to prove that the poet witnessed Cæsar’s triumphs,

triumphs, because I do not believe them well founded. I will not particularly examine whether the words *paterna prima lacinata sunt bona*, best apply to the first or last victories of Cæsar, because I do not believe them to have any reference to the one or the other. We need only to read the epigram attentively, to perceive that Catullus always addresses Cæsar in the second person, and Mamurra in the third.

‘ The poet alludes, therefore, not to Cæsar’s dissipation, but to that of Mamurra; and all the consequences deduced from his applying his words to the former, are built on a false hypothesis.

‘ Catullus, on the other hand, did not live to see the secular games celebrated by Augustus, since he died before Tibullus. Ovid, in an elegy written on the death of the latter, places Catullus among the poets whom his friend will meet with in the Elysian fields.

‘ But when did Tibullus die? A little epigram of Domitius Marius informs us, that he died the same day, or at least in the same year, with Virgil. Now it is well known that Virgil died the twenty-second of September, seven hundred and thirty-four. Catullus then could not see the secular games, which were not celebrated till seven hundred and thirty-six.

‘ We may go farther, and affirm, that Catullus was dead before the year seven hundred and twenty-one. This is proved by a contemporary historian, the friend of Cicero and of Catullus; I mean Cornelius Nepos. In his *Life of Atticus*, speaking of a certain Julius Calidius, to whom Atticus had rendered very important services, he distinguishes him, “as the most elegant poet of that age, since the death of Lucretius and Catullus.” The latter, therefore, was dead before Nepos wrote this passage; of which it is not difficult to fix the date. Nepos’ *Life of Atticus* consists of twenty-two chapters; the first eighteen of which were, as he tells us, written while the subject of them still lived. The passage mentioning the death of Catullus is in the twelfth chapter; from whence it follows, that Atticus survived Catullus. But Atticus died during the consulship of Cn. Domitius and C. Sosius. Did we wish to ascertain still more accurately the precise year of Catullus’ death, we should not be much mistaken in fixing it at the middle term between the years of Rome seven hundred and six, and seven hundred and twenty-one; which will give us the year seven hundred and fourteen; which very well agrees with all other particulars known concerning him.

‘ The only argument adduced by Scaliger, that can occasion any difficulty, is, that Catullus composed a secular poem. Vossius’ conjecture, that the secular games were celebrated at the commencement of the seventh century of Rome, is altogether unwarranted: that of Bayle, I fear, rests not on much better authority. The beginning of that century was deformed by so many disorders,
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and by such a marked neglect of ancient ceremonies, that there is not any probability that such games should then have been either exhibited or expected. But it is not necessary to suppose that Catullus' poem was written for the secular games. It might have been intended merely for Diana's festival, which was celebrated yearly in the month of August; as Bentley conjectured. This is confirmed by comparing this poem with Horace's *Carmen Seculare*. In the former, both the boys and girls form but one chorus, which addresses itself to Diana. In Horace, the boys address themselves to Apollo, and the girls to Diana. This distinction had been established by the oracle who commanded the celebration of the games.

'But I have done. This is enough for one letter. Your time is precious, and I would not offend you by carrying too far the liberty I have taken in writing to you. I have the honour to be, with much consideration,

'Yours, &c.

'EDWARD GIBBON.' Vol. i. p. 357.

This letter is indeed a sufficient testimony, that, before he was twenty, Mr. Gibbon might justly assume his rank among the learned; while another, written soon after, in which he exposes the defects of the government of Bern, and the improvident manner of placing out its wealth, is a striking testimony that although he never was distinguished as an active politician in his own country, he was early accustomed to view the administration of every state with more than common sagacity and attention. It is supposed to be addressed to a Swiss friend; and after recapitulating a variety of objections to the government of Bern, it concludes thus:—

'Your taxes, moderate as they are, exhaust the country. This observation requires to be explained. While the great kingdoms of Europe, loaded with expences and debts, are driven to expedients which would alarm the wildest prodigal, Bern is the only state which has amassed a large treasure. The secret has been so well kept, that it is not easy to ascertain its amount. Stanyan, the British envoy at Bern, a man inquisitive, and possessed of good means of information, estimated, forty years ago, the money belonging to that republic, in the English funds, at three hundred thousand pounds, or seven millions of Swiss livres; and the sums remaining in the treasury of Bern, or dispersed through the other funds or banks of Europe, at eighteen hundred thousand pounds sterling, or forty-three millions Swiss. These treasures have not probably diminished since the year 1722. The Canton enriches itself by the simple means of receiving much and expending little. But what is the amount of its receipts? I know not, but I will try to discover it. The twelve bailiwicks, or districts, of the *Païs de Vaud*

Vaud pay, one with another, during the six years that they are governed by the same magistrate, five hundred thousand Swiss livres. The contributions, therefore, of all the twelve, amount to a million of livres annually. I have always been told, that the bailiffs, or governors, retain *ten per cent.* on the revenues raised within their respective jurisdictions. The million of revenue, diminished by an hundred thousand livres consumed in the appointments of the bailiffs, is reduced to three hundred thousand crowns; of which one hundred thousand may be allowed for the expences of the state, a sum not chosen at random; and the other two hundred thousand crowns, which, in other countries, would be employed in the maintenance of a court and army, whose incomes would circulate through the general mass of the people, on whom they had been raised, are here buried in the coffers of the sovereignty, or dispersed through the precarious banks of Europe, to become one day a prey to the knavery of a clerk, or the ambition of a conqueror. This continual absorption of specie extinguishes industry, deadens every enterprise that requires the aid of money, and gradually impoverishes the country.

‘These, Sir, are your hardships. But I think you will say to me, “Have you thus probed our wounds merely to make us feel their smart? What advice do you give us?” None, unless you have already anticipated it. I would, indeed, advise you to remonstrate. But there are evils so deeply rooted in governments, that Plato himself would despair of curing them. What could you expect to obtain from those masters by remonstrances, who have remained during two centuries insensible to the merit of your faithful service? There is another remedy, more prompt, more perfect, and more glorious. William Tell would have prescribed it; I do not. I know that the spirit of a good citizen is, like that of charity, long-suffering, and hoping all things. The citizen is in the right; since he knows the evils resulting from his submission, but knows not the greater evils which might be produced by his resistance. You know me too well to be ignorant how much I respect those principles, so friendly to the interests of peace and of human kind. I will never, in the language of a seditious tribune, persuade the people to shake off the yoke of authority, that they may proceed from murmur to sedition, from sedition to anarchy, and from anarchy perhaps to despotism.’ Vol. i. p. 410.

There is, indeed, a letter from Mr. Gibbon to his father, which evinces, that, whatever talents he might possess for political life, it was by no means his wish, and that in his own opinion, his genius was better qualified for the deliberate compositions of the closet.

Mr. GIBBON to his FATHER.

‘Dear Sir,

1760.

‘An address in writing, from a person who has the pleasure of being

being with you every day, may appear singular. However, I have preferred this method, as upon paper I can speak without a blush, and be heard without interruption. If my letter displeases you, impute it, dear Sir, only to yourself. You have treated me, not like a son, but like a friend. Can you be surprised that I should communicate to a friend, all my thoughts, and all my desires? Unless the friend approve them, let the father never know them; or at least, let him know, at the same time, that however reasonable, however eligible, my scheme may appear to me, I would rather forget it for ever, than cause him the slightest uneasiness.

When I first returned to England, attentive to my future interest, you were so good as to give me hopes of a seat in parliament. This seat, it was supposed would be an expence of fifteen hundred pounds. This design flattered my vanity, as it might enable me to shine in so august an assembly. It flattered a nobler passion; I promised myself that by the means of this seat, I might be one day the instrument of some good, to my country. But I soon perceived how little a mere virtuous inclination, unassisted by talents, could contribute towards that great end; and a very short examination discovered to me, that those talents had not fallen to my lot. Do not, dear Sir, impute this declaration to a false modesty, the meanest species of pride. Whatever else I may be ignorant of, I think I know myself, and shall always endeavour to mention my good qualities without vanity, and my defects without repugnance. I shall say nothing of the most intimate acquaintance with his country and language, so absolutely necessary to every senator. Since they may be acquired, to alledge my deficiency in them, would seem only the plea of laziness. But I shall say, with great truth, that I never possessed that gift of speech, the first requisite of an orator, which use and labour may improve, but which nature alone can bestow. That my temper, quiet, retired, somewhat reserved, could neither acquire popularity, bear up against opposition, nor mix with ease in the crowds of public life. That even my genius (if you will allow me any) is better qualified for the deliberate compositions of the closet, than for the extemporary discourses of the parliament. An unexpected objection would disconcert me; and as I am incapable of explaining to others, what I do not thoroughly understand myself, I should be meditating, while I ought to be answering. I even want necessary prejudices of party, and of nation. In popular assemblies, it is often necessary to inspire them; and never orator inspired well a passion, which he did not feel himself. Suppose me even mistaken in my own character; to set out with the repugnance such an opinion must produce, offers but an indifferent prospect. But I hear you say, it is not necessary that every man should enter into parliament with such exalted hopes. It is to acquire a title the most glorious
of

of any in a free country, and to employ the weight and consideration it gives, in the service of one's friends. Such motives, though not glorious, yet are not dishonourable; and if we had a borough in our command, if you could bring me in without any great expence, or if our fortune enabled us to despise that expence, then indeed I should think them of the greatest strength. But with our private fortune, is it worth while to purchase, at so high a rate, a title, honourable in itself, but which I must share with every fellow that can lay out fifteen hundred pounds? Besides, dear Sir, a merchandise is of little value to the owner, when he is resolved not to sell it.

'I should affront your penetration, did I not suppose you now see the drift of this letter. It is to appropriate to another use the sum with which you destined to bring me into parliament; to employ it, not in making me great, but in rendering me happy. I have often heard you say yourself, that the allowance you had been so indulgent as to grant me, though very liberal, in regard to your estate, was yet but small, when compared with the almost necessary extravagancies of the age. I have, indeed, found it so, notwithstanding a good deal of œconomy, and an exemption from many of the common expences of youth. This, dear Sir, would be a way of supplying these deficiencies, without any additional expence to you.—But I forbear—If you think my proposals reasonable, you want no entreaties to engage you to comply with them; if otherwise, all will be without effect.

'All that I am afraid of, dear Sir, is, that I should seem not so much asking a favour, as this really is, as exacting a debt. After all I can say, you will still remain the best judge of my good, and your own circumstances. Perhaps, like most landed gentlemen, an addition to my annuity would suit you better, than a sum of money given at once; perhaps the sum itself may be too considerable. Whatever you shall think proper to bestow upon me, or in whatever manner, will be received with equal gratitude.

'I intended to stop here; but as I abhor the least appearance of art, I think it will be better to lay open my whole scheme at once. The unhappy war which now desolates Europe, will oblige me to defer seeing France till a peace. But that reason can have no influence upon Italy, a country which every scholar must long to see; should you grant my request, and not disapprove of my manner of employing your bounty, I would leave England this autumn, and pass the winter at Lausanne, with M. de Voltaire, and my old friends. The armies no longer obstruct my passage, and it must be indifferent to you, whether I am at Lausanne or at London during the winter, since I shall not be at Beriton. In the spring I would cross the Alps, and after some stay in Italy, as the war must then be terminated, return home through France; to live happily with you and my dear mother. I am now two-
and-

and-twenty ; a tour must take up a considerable time, and though I believe you have no thoughts of settling me soon, (and I am sure I have not,) yet so many things may intervene, that the man who does not travel early, runs a great risk of not travelling at all. But this part of my scheme, as well as the whole, I submit entirely to you.' Vol. i. p. 418.

Even after he was in parliament, in a letter to Mrs. Gibbon, his mother-in-law, he acknowledges his apprehensions of speaking in public.

'Whether the house of commons may ever prove of benefit to myself or country, is another question. As yet I have been mute. In the course of our American affairs, I have sometimes had a wish to speak, but though I felt tolerably prepared as to the matter, I dreaded exposing myself in the manner, and remained in my seat safe, but inglorious. Upon the whole (though I still believe I shall try) I doubt whether nature, not that in some instances I am ungrateful, has given me the talents of an orator, and I feel that I came into parliament much too late to exert them.' Vol. i. p. 491.

In another letter to that lady, after the abolition of the Board of Trade, and his retreat to Lausanne, he traces the motives of his conduct in quitting England, and compares, with no small degree of elegance and satisfaction, his former situation with his present.

'I begin without preface or apology, as if I had received your letter by the last post. In my own defence I know not what to say; but if I were disposed to recriminate, I might observe that you yourself are not perfectly free from the sin of laziness and procrastination. I have often wondered why we are not fonder of letter-writing. We all delight to talk of ourselves, and it is only in letters, in writing to a friend, that we can enjoy that conversation, not only without reproach or interruption, but with the highest propriety and mutual satisfaction; sure that the person whom we address feels an equal, or at least a strong and lively interest in the consideration of the pleasing subject. On the subject therefore of self, I will entertain a friend, to whom none of my thoughts or actions, none of my pains or pleasures, can ever be indifferent. When I first cherished the design of retiring to Lausanne, I was much more apprehensive of wounding your tender attachment, than of offending Lord Sheffield's manly and vehement friendship. In the abolition of the Board of Trade, the motives for my retreat became more urgent and forcible; I wished to break loose, yet I delayed above a year before I could take my final resolution; and the letter in which I disclosed it to you cost me one of the most painful struggles of my life. As soon as I had conquered that difficulty, all meaner obstacles fell before me, and in a few weeks I found myself at Lausanne,

astonished at my firmness and my success. Perhaps you still blame or still lament the step which I have taken. If on your own account, I can only sympathize with your feelings, the recollection of which often costs me a sigh: if on mine, let me only state what I have escaped in England, and what I have found at Lausanne. Recollect the tempests of this winter, how many anxious days I should have passed, how many noisy, turbulent, hot, unwholesome nights, while my political existence, and that of my friends, was at stake; yet these feeble efforts would have been unavailing; I should have lost my seat in parliament, and after the extraordinary expence of another year, I must still have pursued the road of Switzerland, unless I had been tempted by some selfish patron, or by Lord S.'s aspiring spirit, to incur a most inconvenient expence for a new seat; and once more, at the beginning of an opposition, to engage in new scenes of business. As to the immediate prospect of any thing like a quiet and profitable retreat, I should not know where to look; my friends are no longer in power. With * * * * and his party I have no connection; and were he disposed to favour a man of letters, it is difficult to say what he could give, or what I would accept; the reign of pensions and sinecures is at an end, and a commission in the excise or customs, the summit of my hopes, would give me income at the expence of leisure and liberty. When I revolve these circumstances in my mind, my only regret, I repeat it again and again, is, that I did not embrace this salutary measure three, five, ten years ago. Thus much I thought it necessary to say, and shall now dismiss this unpleasing part of the subject. For my situation here, health is the first consideration; and on that head your tenderness had conceived some degree of anxiety. I know not whether it has reached you that I had a fit of the gout the day after my arrival. The deed is true, but the cause was accidental; carelessly stepping down a flight of stairs, I sprained my ankle; and my ungenerous enemy instantly took advantage of my weakness. But since my breaking that double chain, I have enjoyed a winter of the most perfect health that I have perhaps ever known, without any mixture of the little flying incommodities which, in my best days, have sometimes disturbed the tranquillity of my English life. You are not ignorant of Dr. Tissot's reputation, and his merit is even above his reputation. He assures me, that in his opinion, the moisture of England and Holland is most pernicious; the dry, pure air of Switzerland most favourable to a gouty constitution: that experience justifies the theory; and that there are fewer martyrs of that disorder in this, than in any other country in Europe. This winter has every where been most uncommonly severe: and you seem in England to have had your full share of the general hardship: but in this corner, surrounded by the Alps, it has rather been long than rigorous; and its duration stole away our spring, and left us no interval between furs and silks. We now enjoy the genial influence

of

of the climate and the season; and no station was ever more calculated to enjoy them than Deyverdun's house and garden, which are now become my own. You will now expect that the pen should describe, what the pencil would imperfectly delineate. A few circumstances may, however, be mentioned. My library is about the same size with that in Bentinck-street, with this difference, however, that instead of looking on a paved court, twelve feet square, I command a boundless prospect of vale, mountain, and water, from my three windows. My apartment is completed by a spacious light closet, or store-room, with a bed-chamber and dressing-room. Deyverdun's habitation is pleasant and convenient, though less extensive: for our common use we have a very handsome winter apartment of four rooms; and on the ground-floor, two cool saloons for the summer, with a sufficiency, or rather superfluity, of offices, &c. A terrace, one hundred yards long, extends beyond the front of the house, and leads to a close impenetrable shrubbery; and from thence the circuit of a long and various walk carries me round a meadow and vineyard. The intervals afford abundant supply of fruit, and every sort of vegetables; and if you add, that this villa (which has been much ornamented by my friend) touches the best and most sociable part of the town, you will agree with me, that few persons, either princes or philosophers, enjoy a more desirable residence. Deyverdun, who is proud of his own works, often walks me round, pointing out, with acknowledgment and enthusiasm, the beauties that change with every step and with every variation of light. I share, or at least I sympathize with his pleasure. He appears contented with my progress, and has already told several people, that he does not despair of making me a gardener. Be that as it may, you will be glad to hear that I am, by my own choice, infinitely more in motion, and in the open air, than I ever have been formerly; yet my perfect liberty and leisure leave me many studious hours; and as the circle of our acquaintance retire into the country, I shall be much less engaged in company and diversion. I have seriously resumed the prosecution of my history; each day and each month adds something to the completion of the great work. The progress is slow, the labour continual, and the end remote and uncertain; yet every day brings its amusement, as well as labour; and though I dare not fix a term, even in my own fancy, I advance, with the pleasing reflection, that the business of publication (should I be detained here so long) must enforce my return to England, and restore me to the best of mothers and friends. In the mean while, with health and competence, a full independence of mind and action, a delightful habitation, a true friend, and many pleasant acquaintance; you will allow, that I am rather an object of envy than of pity; and if you were more conversant with the use of the French language, I would seriously propose to you to repose yourself with us in this fine country. My indirect intelligence (on which I sometimes depend with more implicit faith than on the

kind dissimulation of your friendship) gives me reason to hope that the last winter has been more favourable to your health than the preceding one. Assure me of it yourself honestly and truly, and you will afford me one of the most lively pleasures.' Vol. i. p. 633.

In the commencement of the French revolution Mr. Gibbon early foresaw and lamented the disorders that were likely to ensue.

'The abuses of the court and government [of France] called aloud for reformation; and it has happened, as it will always happen, that an innocent well-disposed prince has paid the forfeit of the sins of his predecessors; of the ambition of Lewis the Fourteenth, of the profusion of Lewis the Fifteenth. The French nation had a glorious opportunity, but they have abused, and may lose their advantages. If they had been content with a liberal translation of our system, if they had respected the prerogatives of the crown, and the privileges of the nobles, they might have raised a solid fabric on the only true foundation, the natural aristocracy of a great country. How different is the prospect! Their king brought a captive to Paris, after his palace had been stained with the blood of his guards; the nobles in exile; the clergy plundered in a way which strikes at the root of all property; the capital an independent republic; the union of the provinces dissolved, the flames of discord kindled by the worst of men; (in that light I consider Mirabeau;) and the honestest of the assembly a set of wild visionaries, (like our Dr. Price) who gravely debate, and dream about the establishment of a pure and perfect democracy of five-and-twenty millions, the virtues of the golden age, and the primitive rights and equality of mankind, which would lead, in fair reasoning, to an equal partition of lands and money. How many years must elapse before France can recover any vigour, or resume her station among the powers of Europe! As yet, there is no symptom of a great man, a Richlieu or a Cromwell, arising, either to restore the monarchy, or to lead the commonwealth. The weight of Paris, more deeply engaged in the funds than all the rest of the kingdom, will long delay a bankruptcy; and if it should happen, it will be, both in the cause and the effect, a measure of weakness, rather than of strength.' Vol. i. p. 208.

It was not long before his own retirement was menaced by the approach of war; and the neighbourhood of the French troops, whom he strongly depicts, excited no trivial apprehensions.

'At the time when we imagined that all was settled, by an equal treaty between two such unequal powers, as the Geneva Flea and the Leviathan France, we were thunderstruck with the intelligence

intelligence that the ministers of the republic refused to ratify the conditions; and they were indignant, with some colour of reason, at the hard obligation of withdrawing their troops to the distance of ten leagues, and of consequently leaving the Pays de Gez naked, and exposed to the Swiss, who had assembled 15,000 men on the frontier, and with whom they had not made any agreement. The messenger who was sent last Sunday from Geneva is not yet returned; and many persons are afraid of some design and danger in this delay. Montesquieu has acted with politeness, moderation, and apparent sincerity; but he may resign, he may be superseded, his place may be occupied by an *euragé*, by Servan, or Prince Charles of Hesse, who would aspire to imitate the predatory fame of Custine in Germany. In the mean while, the general holds a wolf by the ears; an officer who has seen his troops, about 18,000 men (with a tremendous train of artillery) represents them as a black, daring, desperate crew of buccaneers, rather shocking than contemptible; the officers (scarcely a gentleman among them), without servants or horses, or baggage, lying higgledly piggledly on the ground with the common men, yet maintaining a rough kind of discipline over them. They already begin to accuse and even to suspect their general, and call aloud for blood and plunder: could they have an opportunity of squeezing some of the rich citizens, Geneva would cut up as fat as most towns in Europe. During this suspension of hostilities they are permitted to visit the city without arms, sometimes three or four hundred at a time; and the magistrates, as well as the Swiss commander, are by no means pleased with this dangerous intercourse, which they dare not prohibit. Such are our fears: yet it should seem on the other side, that the French affect a kind of magnanimous justice towards their little neighbour, and that they are not ambitious of an unprofitable contest with the poor and hardy Swiss. The Swiss are not equal to a long and expensive war; and as most of our militia have families and trades, the country already sighs for their return. Whatever can be yielded, without absolute danger or disgrace, will doubtless be granted; and the business will probably end in our owning the sovereignty, and trusting to the good faith of the republic of France: how that word would have sounded four years ago! Vol. i. p. 254.

(To be continued.)

The Progress of Despotism, a Poem. In Two Parts. With Notes. 4to. 5s. Sewed. Griffiths. 1796.

FICTION, it is commonly said, is the favourite province of poetry: and it is true that poetry derives from thence many of her most elegant ornaments; but it is also true that in every age and nation, the poetry that is read with interest must be derived from other sources. Whatever is venerable

in religion, beautiful and lovely in moral conduct,—whatever is striking in the eventful history of mankind,—whatever agitates the public mind with the progress of new opinions or the shock of contending passions,—these are the genuine subjects of poetry; and without some sentiment calculated to rouse real feeling, this heavenly art would degenerate into mere empty sound. It cannot be wondered at, therefore, that, when political topics are canvassed with so much eagerness as they are at present, they should furnish the subject of a didactic poem;—with what success, we shall proceed to investigate. The author having in his Preface given his political creed, namely, that of all forms of government he prefers our own mixt monarchy; but that he would rather prefer *even popular tyranny to unqualified despotism*,—and by his address to Mr. Fox shown the party with which he chooses to rank,—gives the following picture of tyranny, which is striking and well imagined—

‘ But while e’en now with trembling pen I write,
What dreadful spectre blasts my failing sight?—
’Tis Tyranny! at whose petrific frown
Whole nations tremble, and his empire own;
Lo! from the east with Titan strides he tow’rs,
While o’er his shoulders the black tempest low’rs,
While lurid clouds his lofty head surround,
And ’neath his thund’ring footsteps shakes the ground;
On his dark brow a bright tiara gleams,
Plays o’er his face and shoots terrific beams;
Aloft a sceptre of command he rears,
His better hand a glitt’ring falchion bears,
And while proud pomp supports his gorgeous train,
His purple robes conceal the clanking chain;
Coercing powers his dreadful course attend,
Observe his nod, and prompt obedience lend,—
Grim Force of lion-port, and with’ring Fear,
And Death and Ruin stalking in the rear.’ P. 3.

He proceeds to show the origin of man, the progressive state of human knowledge and institutions, as contrasted with the policies of the bee, the beaver, &c. dictated by unerring instinct.

‘ Where Afric’s groves stretch broad their unhewn arms,
There reigns in peace, secure from all alarms,
The tranquil elephant sedate and sage,
Whose temp’rate life prolong’d from age to age,
At length by old experience might acquire
A Newton’s science, or a Plato’s fire;

‘ But,

‘ But here as careful nature ever wise,
Limits each creature to its proper size,
So has she portion’d out her mental store,
Just as their wants require, but nothing more.’ p. 8.

The manners of hunters and shepherds are described, and the mild patriarchal modes of government; the rise of tyranny from ambition, and its close alliance with superstition, whence the debasement of the human race. This canto concludes with an eulogium on Orpheus, as the first legislator of Greece, and the first teacher of the unity of God. We do not see the propriety of this address; Orpheus is supposed to have begun the civilisation of savages, not to have opposed the progress of despotism; and therefore his efforts, if adduced at all, should have referred to an earlier state of society.

The second part treats of different forms of government, to which, and not to climate, the author refers the chief differences in character. After a sketch of the Greek and Roman establishments, and an account of the origin of Helvetic liberty, the French revolution is described. That the author does not mean to vindicate all its bloody transactions, the following lines will evince—

‘ But chief—the royal mourner felt its rage,
A sad performer on the tragic stage!
Behold the queen,—to emperors alli’d,
The boast of France, and haughty Austria’s pride,—
Commence the reign of luxury and joy,
Which no grave thoughts disturb, or cares annoy;
While floating bright in pleasure’s wanton gales,
She gilds with dazzling lustre proud Versailles.
Ah! see her now—by sad reverse of fate,
The malefactor’s cart—her coach of state,
With felons doom’d to taste the cup of death,
And midst a rabble yield her rosy breath.
Her regal robes are chang’d, and courtly dress,
For squallid weeds of lowly wretchedness;
Her beauteous hands—which late a sceptre grac’d,
Behind by ignominious cords are brac’d;
And her fair tresses, now by grief made grey,
Are shameful cropt—to ruffian hands a prey.
At length arriv’d at that polluted place,
Where all her pains, and all her griefs must cease,
With looks compos’d and firm unalter’d mein,
She views the terrors of the dread machine,
Submits her wretched fate to undergo,
And waits indignant for the fatal blow;

A moment's pause ere yet her mis'ry ends !—
 'Tis past !—with mortal crash the steel descends,
 Off flies the gasping head,—the pang is o'er !
 And the warm quiv'ring trunk ejects the smoking gore.

P. 45.

After an eulogium on the American government and its late president, the poem concludes with an application to our own country, and an apostrophe to Britons, exhorting them to guard their constitution from the rapid encroachments of arbitrary power. Of the powers of the author, the specimens above quoted may have enabled the reader to judge; but we must add, that the language is often prosaic, and the verse feeble and neglected for many pages together. Many instances might be brought of faulty versification: and we must here, as on so many other occasions, complain that the *limæ labor* is greatly wanting.

Jonah, a faithful Translation from the Original: with Philological and Explanatory Notes. To which is prefixed a Preliminary Discourse, proving the Genuineness, the Authenticity, and the Integrity of the present Text. By George Benjoin, of Jesus College, Cambridge. 4to. 10s. 6d. Boards. Rivingtons. 1796.

AMONG the extraordinary occurrences of the present century, may be set down the eagerness with which the plan of Dr. Kennicott, for collating Hebrew manuscripts, was adopted in various nations of Europe. From the expense of that undertaking, it might naturally have been expected that some good would result to the people at large, and that some steps would have been taken to correct the errors in the present translation of the Bible. A work, acknowledged to be so necessary by all the learned, could not, one would think, have been retarded from want of zeal, by the rulers of the church; and the liberal subscriptions to Dr. Kennicott prohibit us from imagining that the expense would be an object to the English nation. Whence then arises this sluggishness? We are repeatedly tortured with exclamations on the infidelity of the age;—and yet the persons who are the most capable, take the least pains to remove it. For we will venture to say, that the many errors in our translation give more strength to the objections of a Voltaire and a Paine, than all their reasonings; and by the study of the Bible in the original, the clergy of all descriptions would do more good to themselves and hearers, than by all their declamations against heretics and infidels.

But

But perhaps some previous questions are first necessary—Have we yet sufficiently ascertained the integrity of the text to be translated? Have the labours of Dr. Kennicott been attended with the desired advantages? Has he added to our knowledge? Has he given us the means of fairly comparing together the merits of different readings?—or, on looking on the notes at the bottom of his page, does it not seem more than an Herculean task to wade through his figures? These are questions, without doubt, to be investigated by translators; and, as our author maintains so firmly the integrity of the Hebrew text, one question is brought easily to an issue, by the collation of the synagogue manuscripts. This might be done at a small expense: if a deviation from them should be thought necessary, the rectifiers of the text would doubtless give their reasons for every alteration.

Our author has laid down a plan for the new translation. It requires encouragement on the part of the universities. Men are to be encouraged to study Hebrew:—and it doubtless is a matter of triumph to the infidels, that, though the scriptures are the basis of Christian faith, not many of the bishops, and very few of the clergy, are at all acquainted with the Hebrew. *Pudet hæc approbria, &c.* The interpretation of an indecency in Aristophanes may cover a man with immortal honour, and promote him to dignity. The Hebrew student (we speak it from knowledge and experience) is treated in one of our universities with contempt. What can be a greater reflection upon a man who has time at his command, than to hear, that, instead of delivering God's word to the people, he was preaching to them from a false text? What can be a greater reflection on the present times, than that an excellent custom of the last century should be now considered as pedantry? In the sermons printed in those days, it is common to find, after the text given out of the Bible, a better translation according to the opinion of the preacher. This implied at least, that the preacher then thought it a duty to consult the originals; and it is a duty, without doubt, of the first importance, that every teacher should make his own profession his peculiar study.

We agree therefore with our author in every thing he says on the necessity of an application on the part of the clergy to the Hebrew language; and we are happy that the university of Cambridge, by the encouragement it gives to a very learned Jew, affords its scholars so good an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the first part of the scriptures in the original. This very circumstance leads us to show a defect in our author's plan. He would have his translators all members of the established church, and unprejudiced friends to the state; consequently a learned Jew, the very man most wanted, is excluded;

cluded ;—and we cannot see, what opinions, either of church or state, have to do with an employment for which the great requisite is an accurate knowledge of the English and Hebrew languages.

Our author's remarks on bishop Lowth, Dr. Kennicott, and others, are introduced with great modesty. He laments their errors as very hurtful to the cause of religion, but bears ample testimony to their abilities and integrity. In many parts we cannot agree with him, though we do not by any means join in the unbounded encomiums on the authors whom he censures. The Bible has been termed 'the scanty relics of a language formerly copious.' Our author finds fault with the expression, and brings forward a variety of writers in that language, independent of the Bible ; but he does not recollect that they are all posterior to the Christian æra, and consequently cannot be ranked with Hebrew writers, any more than the latinists of the present days with the classics of the Augustan age. The Bible may be termed scanty relics of a language, since, of the voluminous writings of Solomon alone, it contains only an inconsiderable portion ;—and scarcely any of the works of the wise men of his age have reached posterity.

The remark on the word Jehovah is rabbinical, and strikes us as a conceit—

'First, יהוה is not one distinct word, but three words united. Each of these words is expressive of a distinct tense, namely, the past, the present, and the future. These three tenses being comprised in these letters, the eternity of God is represented to the mind in one view and in the most striking light. The following analysis will, I think, clearly elucidate the above exposition. The four letters as they are before us, thus, יהוה become, by the arbitrary power of the third letter, the ך the third person singular of the future tense, יהיה Yihejeh, *shall* or *will be*. The three last letters are הוה Hoveh, *is*.—The fourth, first, and second letter make היה Hajah, *was*.

'This I take to be the reason why the Jews never pronounce these letters in the manner they are written, and not merely through veneration, as some have supposed, for they do pronounce עליון Highest ; אל God ; אדני Lord ; שרי Almighty, and many other appellations that are expressive of the deity.' p. 19.

Dr. Kennicott's valuable manuscript in the college at Eton is treated with deserved contempt ; but, whether the author does not go too far when he says all the doctor's copies were as unfit to show the original text, we leave to his maturer judgment : at the same time we think that he cannot be more usefully employed than in ascertaining the merits and demerits

rits of these manuscripts: and we shall with pleasure attend him in an investigation so beneficial to the public.

The preliminary discourse is concluded in the following manner—

‘ I will now endeavour to convince the learned world that I have no slight reasons for asserting, that—The sacred writings of the old testament have not suffered either any corruption or alteration whatever since the time of Ezra, the writer of the law of Moses and the other holy writings, the founder and priest of the second temple, and the first father and chief ruler of the great assembly of the Jews, the **אנשי כנסת הגדולה**.’ P. 26.

This is a bold assertion. Let us hear our author farther—

‘ About four hundred years before Christ, Ezra collected the sacred writings of Moses and the prophets, and arranged them in a proper form. He and an assembly of very learned men, called **אנשי כנסת הגדולה** The great assembly or synagogue, unanimously laid down and established unalterable rules for the preservation of the primitive purity and only true reading of these sacred writings.’ P. 27.

Where is the authority for this assertion? Whom does our author quote? Moses ben Maimon—Abraham ben Dion. Unluckily we ask for some authority between the time of Ezra and Christ; and there is a great hiatus from the time of the destruction of the second temple to the establishment of the points at the conclusion of the Masorah.

The rules laid down for the copying of synagogue rolls are now given: but, from the words of Maimonides himself, a suspicion is excited, that the means now supposed so efficacious have not always been used.

‘ Maimonides then continues—“ I will here write down all the sections of the Pentateuch, as they ought to be written, that this may be an unerring guide to all the rolls that may hereafter be written. That which we always can depend upon is, that well-known book which is now preserved by the Jews in Egypt, and which contains all the twenty-four books. This book was brought from Jerusalem many years ago, for the sole purpose of examining thereby every roll and book of the holy writings. Every writer has made that book his guide.—Ben Asher has taken many years to examine and to investigate it critically: and,” continues Maimonides, “ I have been guided by it with respect to every particular of the roll which I have written myself.”’ P. 36.

Now what could be the use of examining the synagogue rolls by the Jerusalem book, if the rules were not liable to be neglected? A confession of this liability is implied:—consequently

quently those synagogues which had not the means of comparing their rolls with the Jerusalem book, might err; and hence we may fairly presume that a collation of the synagogue rolls in Constantinople, Fez, Jamaica, Holland, and Poland, will discover a tolerable crop of different readings. Our author says not:—*Credat Judæus Apella; Non ego*.

There are some good remarks on the points:—but readers ignorant of French may be misled in the pronunciation of the long *a*, when they are told, that it is like the French *a*, or the English *a* in *ardor*, as reference should rather have been made to the English *a* in all.

A critical dissertation on Jonah precedes the translation. The reasons for Jonah's conduct are taken chiefly from rabbinical writers; and they deserve attention. The history is the common butt of ridicule for skeptics and infidels; and it is our fate to observe, not unfrequently, the little inclination there is to defend it among Christians: but neither the lukewarmness of Christians, nor the jests of unbelievers, will lead us to doubt a fact to which our Saviour has given the sanction of his authority. With men who disbelieve miracles altogether, it is vain to argue on the credibility of a particular miracle; and believers in the power of God can have no more reason to doubt that a man might come alive out of a fish's belly, than that he might be called to life from the grave. The foolish jests on the size of the fish, and the nature of whales, are here out of place: the scripture says only a large fish; and what God ordained was without doubt best suited to his purpose.

The book of Jonah does not afford much scope for a translator to show his powers. In some places the new is superior to the old version; in others we cannot see any improvement;—and the arrangement, at the bottom of each verse, of the English words according to the original, can be of little or no use. The Hebrew scholar does not want it,—the unlearned can make no use of it. We will extract a few places, which the learned reader may compare with the original, and pass his criticism upon our judgment. We shall first mark some of those passages in which the old appears to us superior to the new version—

OLD VERSION.

NEW VERSION.

CHAP. I.

CHAP. I.

Ver. 2. Cry against it.

Ver. 2. Prophecy concerning it.

Ver. 4. The ship was like to be broken.

Ver. 4. The ship appeared as if it had been breaking.

Ver. 7. For whose cause this evil is upon us.

Ver. 7. Who has brought this evil unto us.

Ver.

OLD VERSION.

' Ver. 11. That the sea may be calm unto us.

' CHAP. II.

' Ver. 3. Out of the belly of hell.

' Ver. 7. Yet hast thou brought up my life from corruption.

' Ver. 11. The Lord spake unto the fish.

' CHAP. III.

' Ver. 6. He arose from his throne.

' Ver. 8. And cry mightily unto God.

' Ver. 10. And he did it not.

' CHAP. IV.

' Ver. 1. And he was very angry.

' Ver. 2. When I was yet in my country.

' Ver. 3. Take my life from me.

' Ver. 5. So Jonah went out of the city.

' Ver. 8. When the sun did arise, the sun beat upon the head.'

The meaning of the word קרא is rather *to cry* than *to prophesy*; and, though in that cry, prophesying is implicated, a translator should not swerve farther from his original than necessary.

שאר does not mean *abyss*. There is a beauty in the figure, which the translator loses. From the *womb of the grave* may suit those better to whom the term *belly* conveys too gross a meaning.

The Lord spake to the fish. This is the language, throughout, of scripture; and the words אל היבשה cannot be referred to ויפא.

He arose from the throne, is the literal meaning, and gives also a true picture consistent with eastern manners.

Though we have not the term, *sun beat*, in common use, yet, *stroke of the sun*, is a very common expression.

NEW VERSION.

' Ver. 11. Will the sea be at all calm around us?

' CHAP. II.

' Ver. 3. From the depth of the abyss.

' Ver. 7. Yet thou hast raised my life from that depth.

' Ver. 11. The Lord directed the fish.

' CHAP. III.

' Ver. 6. He descended from his throne.

' Ver. 8. Let the people fervently call unto Elohim.

' Ver. 10. And had it not brought.

' CHAP. IV.

' Ver. 1. And he was in great anxiety.

' Ver. 2. While I am yet upon the earth.

' Ver. 3. Accept my soul now.

' Ver. 5. Now Jonah had left the city.

' Ver. 8. When the sun shone, the sun scorched the head.'

We will now give some instances in which the new appears preferable to the old version—

OLD VERSION.

CHAP. I.

'*Ver.* 3. So he paid the fare thereof.

'*Ver.* 6. What meanest thou, O sleeper?

'*Ver.* 8. What is thine occupation?

'*Ver.* 10. Why hast thou done this?

'*Ver.* 24. For thou, O Lord, hast done as it pleased thee.

CHAP. II.

'*Ver.* 5. Then I said, I am.

'*Ver.* 7. The earth with her bars was about me for ever.

'*Ver.* 6. The weeds were wrapped about my head.'

NEW VERSION.

CHAP. I.

'*Ver.* 3. So he hired it.

'*Ver.* 6. What ails thee? sleeping!

'*Ver.* 8. What thine errand is.

'*Ver.* 10. What! hast thou done this?

'*Ver.* 24. Thou art Jehovah; since it is thy will thou doest it.

CHAP. II.

'*Ver.* 5. Although I thought I was.

'*Ver.* 7. While the earth continually fled from me.

'*Ver.* 6. Destruction hovering over my head.'

We have already remarked that our author's observation on the word *Jehovah* did not meet our ideas; and consequently the use of the word *Lord* for *Jehovah* in a new translation must, in our opinion, be improper. Thus, in c. i, v. 14, the opposition between *Elohim* and *Jehovah* is striking, and should have been preserved. Again, in c. i. v. 6. our translation properly has *that God* for *האלהים*. Our author destroys the beauty of the passage by saying *the Lord*, as if the seamen conceived as yet any thing different in Jonah's God from their own. They had been all trying their respective favourite gods without success, and, according to their superstition, now called upon Jonah to make his petitions to his favourite god.

In c. 3, v. 8, the word *Elohim* is very improperly used. The order was for the people to cry unto God. By the name *Jehovah* he was not known;—he was the God of Jonah, the God of the universe.

From the author's note on the first word *יהי*, we do not apprehend that he sees the whole force of the *י*. Whence is it derived? Evidently not from *י*.

The limits of our Review do not permit us to pursue farther our criticisms. As the author is not an Englishman, we say nothing of the frequent inaccuracies, derived from the want of a perfect knowledge of our idiom, which occur both in the

translation

translation and the discourses; but as we are in hopes that he will pursue his plan, we recommend to him to submit his papers, merely for English correction, to some of his brother scholars in the university. We want a translation founded on Jewish authorities. They have been too much despised,—and unwarrantable liberties have been taken in the field of conjecture. Perhaps our author would be usefully employed at the same time in translating into English the works of some of those Jewish writers whom he holds in the highest esteem. Much of the beauty of the scriptures is lost by passing through the Greek and Latin idioms; and it is to be wished, that we had at least one translation made by a person entirely unacquainted with these languages, and the licentiousness of conjectural criticism. With all the imperfections of the work before us, the author does greater honour to the university of Cambridge, and has employed himself more usefully for the public, than if the labour of his midnight hours had been rewarded with the rank of senior wrangler.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

POLITICAL.

Remarks on Mr. Burke's Two Letters on the Proposals for Peace with the Regicide Directory of France. By S. F. Waddington, Esq. 8vo. 1s. Johnson. 1796.

IT has not escaped the observation of this writer that the *time* of the publication of Mr. Burke's Letters is to be placed 'among the most extraordinary occurrences which have checquered our political world.'

'To brand the directory of France with the stigmatising epithet of "Regicide," and to pronounce that directory unworthy, and indeed incapable of being treated with, at the very moment in which it was so unequivocally declared by the king and ministry capable of negotiation, must surely be strongly indicative of that manly and dignified honesty of mind which could be little expected from a pensioner, nursed and cherished by the very persons whom he opposed, and the most signal and pointed reprobation of their measures; or of a subtle and diabolical piece of art, in counteracting their *ostensible* designs, so solemnly manifested, of establishing a peace with France, by supporting and furthering their *secret* intentions (if such secret intentions can be supposed to exist) of prolonging a war, the odium of which, by such unparalleled duplicity, they would again seek to throw on the republic of France.' P. 4.

This

This pamphlet is properly entitled *Remarks*, being not a regular attack on the whole, but an occasional refutation of some of the positions advanced by Mr. Burke, respecting the liberty of the press, which that gentleman is jealous of, — the causes of the French revolution, and particularly the trial by jury; Mr. Waddington contends that when doctrines like these, reflecting so grossly on the laws and liberties of the subject are thus openly, in the face of day, avowed by such men as Mr. Burke, it is time for the subject to be jealous of his rights, and incumbent on every Englishman to assert the independence of a British jury. There are a few other passages from Mr. Burke touched upon, but rather slightly. The whole, however, evinces ability, and a knowledge of the true interests of this country.

A Reply to Mr. Burke's Two Letters on the Proposals for Peace with the Regicide Directory of France. By William Williams, Author of Rights of the People. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Jordan. 1796.

Mr. Burke sees nothing but what is wrong in the French republic; Mr. Williams sees nothing but what is right. 'The enlarged views, the vast comprehensions, the indefatigable endeavours of the directory, will soon expand the acorn into an oak; unblighted by taxes and monopolies, it will spread its enormous arms, and overshadow the two hemispheres.' In almost every page we have specimens of this awkward imitation of Mr. Burke's imagery. Banking houses are '*volcanoes, disemboving unsubstantial paper lava*, which has deluged the whole land, and which consumes our *Hesperian orchards* of gold and silver fruit.' In another place we have 'the people starving, the *specie* in a *consumption*, and the *taxes* in a *dropy*.' — 'The two *million automatons* are rising into life; and ere the vital spark is well breathed into their nostrils, discover that men have rights, and that the French have merely exercised them; and that their own ancestors formerly exercised theirs, in part, or the house of Hanover would have been yet *mewed up* in its electorate, *highness unsprouted* into majesty.' Writers who frequently recur to such metaphors as these, complain with a very bad grace of Mr. Burke's '*sublime flights*.'

In criticising Mr. Burke's Two Letters, Mr. Williams follows him step by step, pointing out his inconsistencies, repelling the objections he makes to a peace with France, and defending constitutional liberty against the sophisms he advances respecting the trial by jury, &c. All this, setting aside the perpetual recurrence of an inflated style, and a ludicrous mixture of solemn and familiar metaphor, is executed with candour, and evidently from a due consideration of the importance of the subject. The following remark ought to have some weight. After observing that the greater part of Mr. Burke's political writings carry their antidote along with them, he contends, that, in the present pamphlet, 'the glowing picture he has drawn of the falsehood, treachery, corruption, inconsisten-

cy, avarice, imbecillity, stupidity, and cowardice of all the courts of Europe, and of the English cabinet in particular, cannot fail to multiply, and that greatly, the votaries of jacobinism. When the popular writers loaded them with but part of this guilty mountain, a cry of falsehood and misrepresentation was immediately raised; and prosecution and persecution employed for the destruction of such immeasurable liars. But who will contradict Mr. Burke? What sceptic will disbelieve him? His accusations are armed with scriptural authority, and not even Mr. Wyndham's metaphysics can quibble them away.'

Another Coruscation of the Meteor Burke. The Retort Politic on Master Burke; or, a few Words en passant: occasioned by his Two Letters on a Regicide Peace. From a Tyro of his own School, but of another Class. With Remarks on that Rt. Hon. Author's Condemnation of the Plan of War hitherto adopted. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Jordan. 1796.

This pamphlet is written with considerable ability, but would not have been less welcome to the friends of candour and good taste, had the author confined himself to a sober discussion of Mr. Burke's opinions, instead of giving loose so frequently to attempts at wit, which are unsuccessful, and to a personal censure which is often vulgar and unmanly. When he quits this track, we find him well-informed and acute in his reasoning. The topics principally insisted on, are the war *ad internecionem*, and the conduct of our ministry in the internal government of this kingdom, Mr. Burke's attack on the liberty of the press and the trial by jury, and his condemnation of the war in the West Indies. What he advances on these subjects accords with the opinions of all who have been literary opponents to the present men and measures, and consequently is not so inviting from its novelty, as for the new dress it appears in, and the propriety of combating Mr. Burke's singular and eccentric assertions, by opinions which have been uniformly consistent with themselves and with experience. He concludes, that it is painful and deplorable to observe an old man, who is continually talking of his approximation to the grave, desirous to leave behind him a legacy of never-ending warfare: and he compares Mr. Burke to an ancient monster, invoking the god of havoc and revenge to change his grey hairs, as those of Medusa, into hissing snakes, that horror may abound! and to convert his deciduous teeth, like those of Cadmus's dragon, into armies of soldiers for the destruction of each other. Such wild comparisons we dislike, and dislike them because the author does not come honestly by them. They are but faint attempts to equal the extravagance of Mr. Burke in his description of the French directory receiving an English ambassador, and other passages. Nor is it fair to argue, as our author does at considerable length at the beginning of his Retort, that Mr. Burke is mad; since the attempt to answer or confute a madman is itself an act of madness.

Thoughts on a Peace with France; with some Observations on Mr. Burke's Two Letters, on Proposals for Peace with the Regicide Directory. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Debrett. 1796.

This author is of opinion, that, in the present posture of affairs, Mr. Burke's letters are entitled to much attention from the variety of reflections they suggest, and the influence they are calculated to produce upon the public mind, notwithstanding the extravagant title they bear, and the implacable sentiments they breathe. He enters, therefore, into an examination of those positions which are most general, and most likely to be adopted by the admirers of Mr. Burke's talents. The first which he considers, and which strikes him with astonishment and regret, is conveyed by Mr. Burke in the following words:—'that neither the time chosen, nor the manner of soliciting a negotiation have been properly considered, even though I (says he) had allowed, that with the horde of regicides we could, by any selection of time, or use of means, obtain any thing deserving the name of peace.' Our author considers the latter part of this sentence first, and deduces, fairly enough, that Mr. Burke's object is to carry on the war 'till the existing government of one or both countries is fundamentally changed, an avowal of determined hostility which we have seldom heard of even in barbarous times:' and, putting the matter in another light, he accuses Mr. Burke of a violation of one of his own principles, in appealing from the governors to the governed.

With regard to the former clause of the proposition, namely, 'the time chosen and the manner of soliciting a negotiation,' as this, he thinks, must depend on a review of the events of the war, the nature of our alliances, the situation of the country, its probable resources, and lastly, the general sense and wishes of the nation,—he enters into a consideration of these topics at some length, and sees nothing that ought to prevent our entering into an immediate treaty to restore peace. From this he passes to Mr. Burke's apprehensions from the *neighbourhood* of France, after a peace is made, and maintains that to consider any particular form of government, which has been established by the will of the people who compose the state, as necessarily hostile and repugnant to the existence of another state, and therefore as a nuisance *abateable*, is such a monstrous and unreasonable assumption as will vitiate all the reasoning built upon it, however incontestably the conclusion would follow from the premises laid down. This opinion he defends with great ability, and dismissing the fears which oppress Mr. Burke's imagination, he conceives of France after a peace, what is far more natural, that the industry and activity of her inhabitants will be directed to the re-establishment of her commerce, and the restoration of her manufactures, in order to support the sinking credit of her funds, and that these will be sufficient of themselves to engross all her care, and to fix and concentrate her attention.

Of the present government of France, Mr. Burke says, 'It is

not

not an old structure which you have found as it is, and are not to dispute of the original end and design with which it had been so fashioned: it is a recent wrong, and can plead no prescription. Our author, in answer to this, very pertinently asks, what, in all revolutions that have ever taken place, is the boundary line which Mr. Burke would wish to establish between the usurpation which creates the new government, and the possession which legitimates the usurpation? What statute of limitation would he set up to protect such a title?—Another error of Mr. Burke, which he no less justly censures, is his charging all the crimes and enormities of individuals, or particular bodies of men, who have taken any part in the revolution, on the mass and body of the nation now consolidated into one republic. In all forms of government, whether monarchical or republican, the change produced, or the usurpation effected, is, politically speaking, in a great measure legalised, if it is stamped with the consent and approbation of the people. The offence is buried in the success of the measure. This opinion, however, our author ought to have qualified. It is the *recentness* of the events which brought about the French revolution, that fills Mr. Burke's mind. He considers the present race as men who glory in the means as well as the end. Hereafter, and perhaps in a few years, this will be no question. We do not now dispute about the crimes of the Norman conquest. We care not now whether William I. was elected by the voice of the people, or whether he owed his crown to the battle of Hastings. Mr. Burke has rather an odd memory in such matters. He forgets every thing that does not make for his own opinion:—alas! he has forgot all his past life excepting the last five years. Our author concludes one of the best-written pamphlets on the subject, with some excellent remarks on the conduct which *our* government ought to pursue, that peace may be followed by unanimity and happiness at home, whatever be the fate of France.

Thoughts on the present Negotiation. 8vo. 1s. Jordan. 1796.

This author commences with a position which we think just, although the authors of the war are desirous to shrink from it,—namely, that if this war was undertaken in defence of *society*, for the good of human nature, and to defend the cause of God and man against universal anarchy, ruin, and confusion, we cannot be warranted in concluding it, without avowing that our principles were unfounded, or our professions were insincere. The minister, he is of opinion, either adopted the sentiments of Mr. Burke and earl Fitzwilliam, or (by seeming to adopt them) was mean enough to avail himself of their support; and in order to prove that we have not achieved the entire destruction of jacobinism, and that we have not brought our undertakings to a happy conclusion, we have only to read the brilliant pages of Mr. Burke, and the protest of lord Fitzwilliam. This argument he places in a variety of striking lights; and however different in his principles from Mr. Burke,

he borrows from that gentleman largely in support of his censure of the inconsistency of the minister. 'If,' ex. gr. 'the dignity of this nation would have been sacrificed by treating with Chauvelin to prevent a war, it will surely not be preserved by suing for peace to La Croix.'

Presuming, therefore, that the object of the war has not been attained, he endeavours to prove that if it be not acknowledged to be unjust in its principle,—if it be not avowedly abandoned,—nothing can justify our negotiating for peace at this moment: it is in fact declaring that our calamities are the real motives for peace, that we are sinking under our adversities, that we are beaten, that we shrink from the pressure of our calamities, and do not renounce the mistaken policy which produced them. He contends with equal warmth against continuing the war, when we had opportunities by our successes (if ministers may be believed) to have terminated it before the country was drained of its resources, and when indemnity might not have been impracticable.

Remarks preparatory to the Issue of Lord Malmesbury's Mission to Paris. 8vo. 6d. R. White. 1796.

This author supposes it possible that the French may demand a reduction of our navy, and may hereafter endeavour to abridge our commerce by depriving us of our principal markets. Possessed, as France now is, of the ports of Holland, Flanders, Spain, (perhaps Portugal) and part of Italy, she may endeavour to retain her influence over all these, in order to exclude Great Britain from the markets of Europe. His chief fear is, however, for our navy, to which power he ascribes the high ascendancy of Great Britain over other nations. But the present war alone ought to have checked him from penning the following ebullition of national vanity:—'If we suppose this naval strength reduced, Great Britain falls back at once to the puny dimensions of her island; her political existence becomes instantly pared down to the circumference of her soil: her pre-eminence sinks; and the whole of Europe becomes reduced under the grasp of the continental power, who should thus super-add to her territorial consequence that extent of naval domain, by the possession of which we are now able to keep christendom in equipoise, and to preserve to every state its rights.' How, may we ask, have we preserved the equipoise of christendom? and of what state have we preserved the rights? Have we preserved Flanders, Holland, or Italy? or have we saved Poland from the gripe of the insatiate Catharine? Why, in adjusting the importance of our navy, ascribe to it what it cannot perform?

Fraught, however, with the *supposes* of his own imagination, he cautions his readers against anticipating the very doubtful alternative of peace. 'Let us,' he adds, 'wholly turn our thoughts away from the view of peace, and suppose the interval of negotiation to be no other than a pause before the final appeal to arms.' In a word,

word, let us revive the system of alarm with all the baneful consequences it has produced, and support the minister in continuing the war.

Sketch of the present State of the Army; with Reflections on the Mode of Recruiting, reviving the Military Spirit, and on the general Encouragement of the Officer and Soldier. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Owen. 1796.

This well-written and argumentative pamphlet exposes the defects of our military system, and accounts for the degradation which is attached to the condition of the common soldier. This degradation is stated to proceed from the want of due encouragement to the cheerful performance of his duties, by the prospect of rising from the ranks, and the broken spirit produced by the shocking and often petulant inflictions of army punishment. Many other abuses are pointed out, which at any time would be worthy of correction, but which the author, as a friend to the government, judiciously conceives, now call with a political urgency for redress.

Thoughts on the Defence of these Kingdoms. In Two Parts. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Faulder. 1796.

At the present critical period, when the prospect of peace has vanished, and a part of these realms (Ireland) has been more than threatened with invasion, the most eligible means of defence for Great Britain become an object of serious concern. The observations of this writer on the subject are such as, in point of practical utility, would no doubt recompense any attention they might experience from the government of the country; his hints for the improvement of the militia and the standing army are pregnant with sagacity and humanity; and his strictures on the constitution and proceedings of regimental and general courts martial, particularly deserve the notice of those who have stations of rank and influence in our military department.

A Letter to the People of the United States of America, from General Washington, on his Resignation of the Office of President of the United States. 8vo. 1s. Debrett. 1796.

There can be no doubt that the public have already formed their opinion respecting the contents of this letter.—While the love of liberty exists among mankind, the name of Washington will be illustrious:—his courage and prudence facilitated the independence of America, and his political wisdom has auspiciously presided over the councils of the infant republic.

To the sentiments and advice of this great man, it is impossible that his countrymen can be inattentive. About to retire from a situation, the high and important duties of which he has discharged with such honourable celebrity, in this eloquent and penetrating address he takes an affecting and instructive farewell of public life. They who admire the noble effusions of freedom, tempered with a

wife and virtuous moderation, will experience a pleasure in perusing this new testimony of the worth and talents of general Washington, which we are not inclined to anticipate by any extract.

Letter to a retired Officer, on the Opinions and Sentence of a General Court Martial, held at the Horse Guards, on Friday, November 27, 1795, and on many subsequent Days, for the Trial of Col. John Fenton Cawthorne, of the Westminster Regiment of Middlesex Militia. 4to. 2s. Debrett. 1796.

The charges established at a court martial against colonel Cawthorne, his subsequent dismissal from the service, and expulsion from the house of commons, are circumstances well known to the public. That the friends of this unfortunate gentleman should anxiously wish to extenuate the disgrace which under such a predicament unavoidably has attached to his character, is very natural: but we much doubt whether their solicitude will be attended with the desired effect. The present apology is indeed artfully laboured, and may satisfy the personal friends of Mr. Cawthorne; but there was something in the nature of his offence, which the stubborn notions of the public will probably consider as not less derogatory to the man than the officer.

DRAMATIC.

The Sicilian Lover. A Tragedy. In Five Acts. By Mary Robinson. 8vo. 2s. Hookham and Carpenter. 1796.

Whether this tragedy was ever offered to the stage, we know not; at least it has never been represented; we shall therefore dismiss it without criticism, persuaded that in so doing we are acting in the most lenient manner by the fair author.

The Iron Chest: a Play; in Three Acts. Written by George Colman, the Younger. With a Preface and Postscript. 8vo. 2s. Cadell and Davies. 1796.

The public has been before-hand with us in criticising this unfortunate piece; the disapprobation with which it was received the first night, is well known. This, the author, in a very angry and indeed abusive Preface, is pleased to attribute to the ill offices of Mr. Kemble; but we rather believe the audience decided in a different manner; and we must confess the reading of the play has not tended to make us think Mr. Colman entitled to a reversion of judgment. We know not whether it was well-judged to take the story of a play from a novel so recent and so much read as the Caleb Williams of Mr. Godwin, because it is impossible to produce a lively interest where the *denouement* is previously known. Besides this original sin of the play, the story is much injured by the author's having omitted the circumstance which weighed heaviest on the conscience of Falkland,—the allowing two innocent people to suffer for his guilt. Of the characters which are the creation

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creation of Mr. Colman in this piece, Adam Winterton is a tedious old man, and lady Helen an insipid young woman. We had forgotten to mention that Mr. Colman has ventured to peep into the mysterious chest, and disclose the secret of its contents. This is bold: for it is more than Mr. Godwin himself had ventured to do, conscious as he was, that imagination, acting upon a mysterious secret, agitates the mind more by her own workings, than it is possible to do by attempting to reveal it. With regard to the language of the piece, it is very much inflated; aiming at strength, it is turgid. This play is published, we are told, as it was acted the first time at Drury Lane; alterations have since been made, and it has been several times represented at the theatre in the Hay-market.

Remarks on Mr. Colman's Preface; also a summary Comparison of the Play of the Iron Chest with the Novel of Caleb Williams. By a Gentleman of the Middle-Temple. 8vo. 1s. Miller. 1796.

An angry man answering an angry man! the author of this pamphlet, instead of acting the part of a cool critic and disinterested bystander, treats Mr. Colman in the same style of abuse in which he had spoken of Mr. Kemble.—*This maukish dandeeprat of an author, —a little priggish dusky man,—who had not licked his literary whelp into shape and frame!—who desired he should scatter his beggarly morsels among them?* this is the language in which this elegant writer addresses Mr. Colman. His statement of the facts we have, however, nothing to object to; and his comparison of the play with the novel is sufficiently just.

RELIGIOUS.

Sober and serious Reasons for Scepticism, as it concerns revealed Religion. In a Letter to a Friend. By John Hollis, Esq. 8vo. 1s. Johnson. 1796.

Sober and serious reasons demand a sober and serious investigation; and when a man of respectable private character, uninfluenced by improper motives, rejects christianity, we are naturally anxious to discover what grounds he could have for such a change of opinion, and fearful at the same time lest such a desertion should induce scruples among our friends, and add confidence to our enemies. At the same time it is our duty to weigh with impartiality every argument which can be brought against things we hold the most sacred; and as true christianity boasts that its cause is separate from all worldly interest or prejudice, can neither be supported by numbers, nor wealth, nor power, so it rejoices in being exposed to the utmost scrutiny, and cannot be injured, though, like our Saviour forsaken in the garden, it should be deserted by myriads of professors.

The author of the work before us is become a sceptic; but he still retains his veneration for the morality of the gospel. He is

perplexed, however, with respect to the future destiny of mankind, which he cannot reconcile to his philosophy. The human race he conceived to be in a state of discipline, which would lead it finally to happiness; the Christian system, he thinks, holds out a most melancholy and distressing picture of the future destiny of mankind. This picture is taken from passages of scripture, alluding to hell and everlasting fire; and it is concluded that the greater part of mankind must be inevitably miserable: but it does not seem that the whole subject has been sufficiently considered. The future destiny of mankind is far from being completely ascertained. Very worthy Christians entertain on this head very different opinions; and while some believe in the annihilation of the impenitent, others suppose that temporary punishment will be inflicted; and perhaps an inconsiderable number only reflect much on the absolute eternity of torment. Where there is so much ground for doubt, we might perhaps think our author blamable in forming so decisive a judgment, and suffering it to weigh against arguments derived from matter of fact, from miracles, from prophecy, and the purity of the gospel. But without reference to the various disputes on the nature of the future state, we cannot derive the same conclusion as our author, who appears to us to have overlooked those parables of our Saviour, where a gradation of rewards is pointed out to the good; and as the exact state of the wicked is not ascertained, we may surely leave their destiny, without imputation on the Christian faith, in the hands of a God of mercy and of love.

The extermination of the Canaanites is the next stumbling block. On this head nothing new on either side can be expected. The fate of the children makes the greatest impression on our author's mind. But should we allow this to be a difficulty attendant on our notions of the attributes of God as delivered in the scriptures, we do not see how it can affect the faith grounded upon the history in the New Testament. We, who believe in the Newtonian system, cannot account for every motion in it: yet from a sufficient knowledge of its parts, the general principle is established, which, we doubt not, will solve our difficulty: and in the same manner the general principle of the benevolence and justice of God is so well laid down in scripture, that if we could not apply it to every particular case, from the number of cases in which it may be successfully applied, we have no doubt that it will reach those in which there is an apparent difficulty.

The imprecations in some of the Psalms form another difficulty: but if we took them in the worst light possible, the passionate expressions of a prophet, any more than his faults, cannot be held out as arguments against the truth of religion.

The colloquial discourses of God with man are considered as degrading. They have often been treated in this manner; yet if we allow that there was no degradation in creating man, we do not see the

the propriety of this charge against a mode of instructing him, which seems best suited to his faculties.

We were surprised that our author should find so much difficulty in the foundation of christianity—

‘After all, I am ready to acknowledge that I feel the force of the argument, for the truth of the Christian revelation, derived from the testimony of the apostles taken together with their subsequent conduct, and the persecutions which they thereby knowingly incurred. If the Christian miracles were not true (and if the apostles were, as they are supposed to have been, competent to judge of that matter), their conduct is altogether unaccountable; and the rapid success of christianity is equally so.’ p. 28.

But being unable to reconcile this to his views of things, he retires, acquiescing in his ignorance and inability, and determined that that religion cannot be true which teaches ‘that everlasting misery is the destination of the great mass of human beings.’ Surely the writer does not do himself justice. Perhaps he might be led to re-consider his argument; and this conclusion might be drawn:—It is not certain, that, according to the Christian religion, everlasting misery is the destination of the great mass of human beings; therefore any conjecture of mine on the future state of mankind cannot be an argument against the truth of revelation. The conduct of the apostles, the non-existence of miracles, and the falsehood of the gospel, cannot be reconciled together; but allowing the existence of miracles, and the truth of the gospel, the conduct of the apostles is accounted for satisfactorily, and *vice versa*. Hence neither the future state of mankind, nor difficulties in the various parts of the scripture history, ought to have weight against arguments of so much greater force.

We have thus noticed the chief doubts of our author. They are stated plainly and calmly. There can be no reason to suspect his sincerity. We hope only that his answerers will write in the same temper: and then this discussion cannot, we are persuaded, be injurious to the cause of truth.

Reasons for Faith in Revealed Religion; opposed to Mr. Hollis's Reasons for Scepticism; in a Letter to that Gentleman. By Thomas Williams. 8vo. 1s. Heptinstall. 1796.

In answer to Mr. Hollis's objection, that, according to the Christian system, the greater part of mankind is inevitably doomed to misery, it is urged, that one half of mankind die in infancy, many are idiots, more are converted at the hour of death, and that this must make a vast deduction from this majority. Besides, the human species bears a small proportion to the mass of intelligent beings; and consequently the finally ‘miserable may bear a still less proportion to the happy.’ We cannot look upon this as sound reasoning: for the scriptures say nothing of the future destiny of infants

fants or idiots, nor is the fate of the inhabitants of other worlds at all connected with that of mankind.

On the nature of future punishment, the passages declaratory that every man shall be rewarded according to his works, some beaten with few, and others with many stripes, are properly brought forward. After this it appears to us that little can be said. There are some good reflections on our writer's view of the subject from necessarian principles; and he closes this branch by confessing his ignorance of the future destiny of the wicked.

The usual arguments are brought forward on the extermination of the Canaanites; the imprecations in the Psalms are softened down; and the revelation of God's will to man is proved to be antecedently probable. Having obviated the objections of Mr. Hollis, our author brings forward his proofs in favour of the Christian religion, drawn from the character of Christ, and the present state of the Jews. Some judicious remarks are made on miracles; and the whole letter is written in a temper which does credit to its author, and will we hope make a due impression on the person to whom it is addressed.

A Letter to John Hollis, Esq. on his Reasons for Scepticism, as it concerns Revealed Religion. By the Rev. J. Trebeck. 8vo. 1s. Rivingtons. 1796.

Mr. Hollis is blamed for 'disturbing the peace of mind which faith in the Christian religion affords to the serious,' particularly 'at a time so given to infidelity.' Such censure, though founded in truth, will not be admitted as argument. Nor is there any occasion to deprecate the exertions of infidels; since whoever has attended to the late controversy excited by Mr. Paine, and particularly to that able and complete refutation of his trite and futile objections by the bishop of Landaff, must see that the cause of christianity gains by every investigation. In this mode, indeed, the religion of the gospel was originally spread, when every effort of human power was exerted against it; and in enumerating the moral causes for the rapid progress of this religion, Mr. Gibbon ought to have cited the literary controversies which took place concerning its truth in the four first centuries, and the eloquent and convincing arguments of some of its first professors.

A Sermon, preached at the Assizes, holden for the County of Cornwall, at Bodmin, before the Hon. Mr. Justice Grose, and Mr. Baron Thompson, on Tuesday, July 26th, 1796. By Cornelius Cardew, D. D. &c. &c. 4to. 1s. Richardson. 1796.

The high sheriff and grand jury of the county of Cornwall have unanimously stamped this sermon with their approbation. It is levelled against infidels: yet neither the authority of the hearers, nor the arguments of the preacher, will make upon the modern sceptics any considerable impression. In fact the arguments are drawn too much from common-place topics; and we have reason

to doubt, on one subject, the statement of the preacher in the very outset. He hints that the judges can bear testimony to the increase of immorality. 'But,' says he, 'if truth compels them, however reluctant, to bear testimony to the increasing depravity of our morals, it very much concerns us all to explore the source of this alarming evil.' In Cornwall perhaps, the list of offences within the judges' cognisance, may have increased:—it is a fact on which we are not competent to speak: but we very much doubt, that, considering the increasing population of the kingdom, the list of assize crimes within the last twenty years is greater than that of any twenty years since the reign of Henry the Eighth. The preacher will do well to examine this question; for nothing but truth should come from the pulpit.

As a specimen of the style, we select the following passage—

'Yet still, though so often repulsed, the unbeliever persists in assailing, with his infernal artillery, the adamant and impregnable citadel of christianity, nay even the everlasting throne of God himself.

'Vain and impious mortal, that thus darest to lift thy puny arm against "the rock of ages!"' P. 15.

Surely a Cornish audience might have been better edified on an assize day, than by such declamation against infidels; and are Christians to be continually reminded that the language of the established church at Rome for two centuries after Paul's preaching there, was levelled against christianity and its professors, in the same manner as our author treats infidels and infidelity?

The Right to Life. A Sermon preached before the University of Cambridge, June 26, 1796. By Richard Ramsden, M. A. &c. Part II. 8vo. 1s. Rivingtons. 1796.

Our readers recollect, or more likely perhaps they do not recollect, that we have had a sermon already on this subject from the same author. This is of such a curious texture, that we must give an extract or two from it.

'The true, and perhaps, the only reason, why no living thing, but man, is the object of the law, is this; that it's protection had been long wholly withdrawn from the brute creation. At the fall it was withdrawn in part. Animals then began to die in sacrifice. At the deluge was lost all life's privilege. They then began to die also for man's convenience and daily food. From that period man is lord, together with God, of their life and being.' P. 3.

This is so far from true, that the precept on taking a nest of birds has always been admired; and in the precept for observing the Sabbath, the ox and the ass are included.

John the Baptist, when the soldiers came to him, said nothing about the day of battle; and Christians hold in detestation the drum's discordant sound: but our preacher is anxious to bring forward that which is least suited to a Christian audience—

'If

If the soldier point the cannon at a seditious multitude, or at the ranks of a foreign foe, he points it in the name of God! p. 17.

But the conclusion is the most curious—

So the king shall never forgive a rival aggression on the state's strength, in whatever shape it may appear, whether in open array or in ambuscade, whether in forgery or treason, in rebellion or murder. p. 28.

The king of England has repeatedly forgiven men in these circumstances: and God forbid that any sacrilegious hand should tear away the brightest jewel in his crown!

This discourse, if possible, is more obscure than the former; the arguments are ill drawn up; the connection is bad; an affectation of erudition, with a quaintness of style, pervades the whole; and we never took up a sermon which breathed so little of the spirit of the gospel.

Some Duties incumbent upon those who are Members of Corporations, stated in a Sermon: preached in St. Mary's Church, Stafford, before the Corporation of that Town, on Sunday, October 18th, 1795. With a few prefatory Remarks concerning Reviewers. By W. Ryffel. 8vo. 1s. Longman, 1796.

The preacher quarrels with the corporation of Stafford in his sermon, and with the Monthly Reviewers in his Preface. To save ourselves from his indignation, we will say nothing of his publication.—contenting ourselves only with congratulating him on his resolution to print no more, except occasionally in some periodical work; a resolution which, we doubt not, the corporation of Stafford, the reviewers, and the public in general, think highly meritorious, and which will certainly tend to his future tranquillity.

To the Deists. The Insufficiency of Reason, and the Necessity of a Divine Revelation. A Sermon, preached at Gee-Street Chapel, Goswell-Street, on Sunday, September 23, 1796. By the Rev. W. Holland. 8vo. 6d. Jordan. 1796.

The deists will not read this discourse; and the hearers could scarcely comprehend it.

Publick Worship. A Sermon preached at the Consecration of All Saints Church, Squillampton, before the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Exeter, November 12, 1795. By Richard Mait, D. D., Rector of the Parish. 8vo. 1s. Rivingtons. 1796.

The scriptures instruct us to worship God with a true spirit; and where that spirit is wanting, all outward forms are to no purpose. Much dispute has been excited on these forms. The dissenters, who blame the church, do not consider afterwards that they have forms, though of a different nature from the church. It would be well if both parties attended more to the essence than the mode;

—some but a of be the first at hold w and Dr.

Dr. Mant naturally spoke upon such an occasion in favour of the forms of his church: and it does credit to his heart that he seems anxious to remove every insinuation of disrespect towards his dissenting brethren. On this account we highly applaud the motives for the publication of this sermon; and we trust that it will be the means of reconciling all parties, and cementing a firm friendship between the author and the good men of every denomination.

Some Remarks on Religious Opinions, and their Effects. Submitted to the Consideration of the most learned and impartial Persons of every Denomination. By Robert Wallace Johnson, M. D. Small 8vo. 2s. Johnson. 1796.

The author believes in and worships only one God: he believes also that Christ is inferior to the father, though existing before the creation of the world; yet many of his remarks, though not very profound, deserve serious attention from all parties. He writes with candour and piety, and sets forth some practices in the first centuries of christianity, which have had and continue to have a fatal effect on the belief and manners of modern Christians. The three creeds are contrasted with passages of scripture; and the history is very probable.

N O V E L S.

Memoirs of Emma Courtney. By Mary Hays. 2 Vols. 12mo. 6s. sewed. Robinsons. 1796.

Emma Courtney is designed to represent a character, who, though loving virtue, is enslaved by passion, liable to the errors and weaknesses of our fragile nature. This passion, not love at first sight, but even before first sight (for Emma Courtney's affection for Mrs. Harley is conveyed to her son Augustus Harley, even before she sees him), will perhaps, to some readers, appear to favour of extravagance; and in its consequences, after Emma Courtney's acquaintance with Harley, to produce eccentricity of character and conduct; but her errors are represented as the offspring of extreme sensibility; and the result of an hazardous experiment, Miss Hays tells us, is made to operate as a warning, rather than as an example.

The following is the character of Emma Courtney in early life—

‘ Thus, in peace and gaiety, glided the days of my childhood. Cared by my aunt, flattered by her husband, I grew vain and self-willed; my desires were impetuous, and brooked no delay; my affections were warm, and my temper irascible; but it was the glow of a moment, instantly subsiding on conviction, and, when conscious of having committed injustice, I was ever eager to repair it, by a profusion of caresses and acknowledgments. Opposition would always make me vehement, and coercion irritated me to violence;

violence; but a kind look, a gentle word, a cool expostulation—softened, melted, arrested me, in the full career of passion. Never, but once, do I recollect having received a blow; but the boiling rage, the cruel tempest, the deadly vengeance it excited, in my mind, I now remember with shuddering.

Every day I became more attached to my books; yet, not less fond of active play; stories were still my passion, and I sighed for a romance that would never end. In my sports with my companions, I acted over what I had read: I was alternately the valiant knight—the gentle damsel—the adventurous mariner—the daring robber—the courteous lover—and the airy coquet. Ever inventive, my young friends took their tone from me. I hated the needle:—my aunt was indulgent, and not an hour passed unamused:—my resources were various, fantastic, and endless. Thus, for the first twelve years of my life, flitted my days in joy and innocence. I ran like the hind, frisked like the kid, sang like the lark, was full of vivacity, health, and animation; and, excepting some momentary bursts of passion and impatience, awoke every day to new enjoyment, and retired to rest fatigued with pleasure.' Vol. i. p. 17.

The early part of this history is pleasing: in the subsequent periods, the principles and the characters must be examined with candour. In Emma's father we behold a man negligent of parental duties; and Emma Courtney consequently regulates her filial regards by a persuasion that the ties of blood are weak, unless sanctioned by reason and cemented by affectionate intercourse. On her acquaintance with Mrs. Harley, all the passion of Rousseau is raised in her breast. Augustus Harley becomes the St. Preux, the Emilius, of her sleeping and waking dreams. At the commencement of their acquaintance, Augustus Harley calls himself her *new brother*. Emma's affection soon passes into love; and throwing off the restraints of custom, she endeavours to awaken sympathy, and expresses her desire of being loved again. But Harley becomes cold and distant: a circumstance that excites in Emma's breast a more eager curiosity, and a more vehement passion. She throws down the rules established by usage; and while her 'cheeks blush with modesty,' she demands answers to her questions; reasons, explanations. The more mysterious the conduct of Harley appears, the more severe are the expostulations, and the more explicit the declarations of Emma. When at length it is found that Harley is married, the love of Emma is not to be conquered; her passion takes the character of an ardent friendship; and at the death of the father she adopts the son.

It may be proper to observe that this work is a course of letters addressed to Augustus Harley, the son of Mr. Harley, the idol of Emma Courtney's passion.

We conclude by observing that we do not hold up Emma Courtney as a character for general imitation, any more than, we presume, the authoress herself would. Whenever great passions

break out, or a strong bias inclines, there reason should direct its more immediate attention; and our conduct must, in a great measure, be regulated by the welfare and good order of society. Strong sensibilities require more than ordinary management: the passions, the source of personal enjoyment and of public utility, may easily become our own tormentors, and the spring of injustice to others.

Montgomery, or Scenes in Wales. 2 Vols. 12mo. 7s. sewed. Lane. 1796.

These volumes proceed on principles in some respect similar to the preceding. The title led us to expect some agreeable exertations, in which the charms of poetry, or the brilliancy of prosaic composition, might have embellished rural scenery. The title seemed to promise this, and the work itself absolutely requires it: this expectation, however, was sadly disappointed.

But if, on this account, we were mortified, we were pleased, and agreeably disappointed on another: for though the novel begins very abruptly, it proceeds very agreeably. The style, though not flowery or elegant, is in the main neat and correct; the sentiments are important; the moral is good. The advocate for the female sex will approve it; the benevolent mind will discover traces of a good heart; and youth of neither sex will be betrayed into scenes of wantonness and paths of folly: the story itself is natural, and not uninteresting: the errors of a mistaken, rather than a neglected education, are illustrated, and the unhappy consequences of people suffering themselves to become creatures of morbid feelings, the dupes of their imagination, and the victims of superstition.

The Female Gamester; or, the Pupil of Fashion. A Novel. 2 Vols. 12mo. 6s. sewed. Vernor and Hood. 1796.

We must differ from our author respecting a season of distress and mental impression being unfavourable to composition.—On the contrary, sorrow is ever eloquent; and, in works of imagination, *real feelings* blend themselves, with facility, with fictitious incident, affording energy to the sentiment, and a warmer glow to description. The truth of this remark is evinced by various passages in the present production, of which the following may afford a specimen—

‘ You have a warm heart—your feelings run away with you. Ah, how you represent what I was at your age; when the animation of youth glowed at my heart, and all was hope, gaiety, and promise; when the vivacity of my imagination painted every thing in golden tints, when my days passed in an uninterrupted succession of sunshine, hilarity, and joy; when all nature appeared to me one glorious landscape, and every fascination of this world seemed appropriated to my use!—Then was I, like you, full of confidence, truth,

truth, and ease!—but ease, truth, and confidence, are no more. This heart, so full, so fertile, and enlarged, is narrowed by suspicion, and exhausted by disappointment. Distrust, fear, and agony, distort it with their ten thousand pangs. Hope, that seldom abandons us even in death, has long since resigned her place in my bosom to despair;—the demons that divide me, fallow my imagination, and despair's dim optics tinge all things with the same sombre hue.'

This novel, if it does not rank among the highest class, has spirit and interest; the character of the duchess of Wolfingham is drawn with animation; and the intoxicating nature of gaming, with the easy gradation of thoughtless dissipation into vice and ruin, is not ill depicted. Leaping over a period of seventeen years is scarcely allowable at the tribunal of a severe criticism, and, notwithstanding some respectable precedents might be produced, is always a defect. The style of our author is sometimes lively and forcible, but frequently careless: some vulgarisms might be pointed out in the letters of Stolina, the Italian lady,—such as Mr. Blandford being 'under petticoat government,' &c.—but, upon the whole, this production has merit, and can scarcely fail to arrest the attention, and interest the affections of the reader.

Berkeley Hall: or, the Pupil of Experience. A Novel. 3 Vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d. Boards. Tindal. 1796.

The design of the present production is to ridicule (under the form of a novel) political innovation. The story or novel part of the work has little interest; the characters are generally *outré*, and many of the events very improbable. Some humorous experiments and adventures are related, intended to expose the fanaticism and hypocrisy of sectarians, and to exemplify, in the back settlements and wigwams of the native Indians in America, the advantages and satisfactions of the life of nature.

The story of an African prince is introduced, by way of episode, whose marvellous adventures rival those of Sinbad the sailor, in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments,—the hero of the present tale being, in the course of his travels, hospitably entertained by a nation of mer-men and mer-maids inhabiting the ocean, by whom he is conducted to the extremities of the north and south poles, where continents are discovered, illumined and warmed by central fires or volcanos,—the manners of the natives exhibiting a picture of the golden age.

Upon the whole, this performance displays some invention, and would have afforded more entertainment, had it been compressed into a narrower compass, by abridging some conversations and reasonings, which, in their present state, the generality of readers will be inclined to pass over, and by omitting many anecdotes and recitals, which are common and uninteresting, and wholly unconnected with

with the principal narrative.—Unity of plan is as essential to a good novel, as to an epic poem.

L A W.

Rules and Orders on the Plea Side of the Court of King's Bench beginning in Easter Term, 1731, and ending in Trinity Term, 1795. With Preface and Index. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Butterworth. 1795.

The regulations by which legal proceedings are directed, and the conduct of the professional agents controuled, though they may form the least visible, are by no means the least essential part of the administration of justice. The present collection of rules and orders does credit to the judges, for the attention they discover to promote the facility and purity of practice.

Some Considerations on the Game Laws, suggested by the late Motion of Mr. Curwen for the Repeal of the present System. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Egerton. 1796.

The writer of this pamphlet opposes, with much earnestness, the proposition of abolishing the game laws, and endeavours to prove that they are not to be traced to the times of feudal tyranny, but that they are wholesome regulations, that have sprung from a much later and more liberal period of our jurisprudence. He imputes the agitation of this topic to the furor of revolutionary enthusiasm; and he enlarges on the idleness and vagrancy which the abolition of the game laws would be likely to introduce among the subordinate classes of society.

The Trial of the Cause of the King versus the Bishop of Bangor, Hugh Owen, D. D. John Roberts, John Williams, Clerks, and Thomas Jones, Gentleman; at the Assizes, holden at Shrewsbury on the 26th of July 1796, before the Honourable Mr. Justice Heath; by a Special Jury. Taken in Short Hand by Mr. Gurney. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Stockdale. 1796.

It would have better suited the gravity of justice, and the decorum of the clerical profession, if the quarrel which produced this litigation had never been introduced to the notice of the public: and we would willingly consign it to oblivion.

A Defence of the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Bangor; with Remarks on a most extraordinary Trial. By the Rev. Rice Hughes, A. M. Domestic Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of Poulet, and late of St. John's College, Cambridge. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Walker. 1796.

The lord bishop of Bangor has been acquitted by a jury: and the less that is now said of this new Bangorian controversy, the better.

Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis,
Tempus eget.

Sappho and Phaon. In a Series of Legitimate Sonnets, with Thoughts on Poetical Subjects, and Anecdotes of the Grecian Poetess. By Mary Robinson, Author of *Poems*, &c. &c. &c. &c. 8vo. 7s. 6d. Boards. Hookham and Carpenter. 1796.

These sonnets, forty-four in number, turn upon the different changes of sentiment and situation, incident to the heart which is under the influence of the tender passion. To form them into a whole, the author has connected them by the classical name of Sappho, who is supposed to be the relator of her own passionate fondness, conflicts, and despair. Of the talents of Mrs. Robinson, our readers have had frequent specimens. She certainly possesses a brilliancy of fancy, and command of poetical language; but the ear is oftener addressed than the heart in her productions,—a fault particularly striking in verses which are given under the name of the impassioned Sappho. It is however to her praise, that the sonnets are perfectly chaste; they are, moreover, as she takes care to tell us, *legitimate sonnets*. An engraving of the Lesbian poetess is prefixed to the publication, which, on the whole, may be called an elegant trifle. The sixth sonnet, though the idea is not perfectly original, we select as the most interesting—

‘ Is it to love, to fix the tender gaze,
To hide the timid blush, and steal away;
To shun the busy world, and waste the day
In some rude mountain’s solitary maze?
Is it to chant one name in ceaseless lays,
To hear no words that other tongues can say,
To watch the pale moon’s melancholy ray,
To chide in fondness, and in folly praise?
Is it to pour th’ involuntary sigh,
To dream of bliss, and wake new pangs to prove;
To talk, in fancy, with the speaking eye,
Then start with jealousy, and wildly rove;
Is it to loath the light, and wish to die?
For these I feel,—and feel that they are love.’ P. 44.

Letters from Simkin the Second to his Brother Simon, in Wales; dedicated, without Permission, to the ancient and respectable Family of the Grunters. 8vo. 1s. Debrett. 1796.

Our readers are no strangers to the humour of Simkin, and his ready knack of versification. This pamphlet is presented to the public as a complete abstract of Mr. Burke’s letters, at the low price of *one shilling*; and we must do the author the justice to allow that he has omitted very few, if any, of the striking arguments and sentiments of his original. The following is a circumstance which, we confess, very forcibly struck us on perusing Mr. Burke’s pamphlet; and it certainly loses nothing of its force in the hands of our friend Simkin.

‘ Then

' Then he slips out a secret, a sweet pretty story,
Which reflects on the parliament honour and glory;
For it seems the majority publicly vote
For war, but in private they alter their note.
The minority speaking the sense of the nation,
And therefore our sensible administration
Take the ground the minority meant to have taken,
Lest their places be lost, or confoundedly shaken.
Who knowing this much would not use his endeavour
To secure them good places for ever and ever?' P. 5.

Poems by Thomas Hoccleve, never before printed: selected from a MS. in the Possession of George Mason. With a Preface, Notes, and Glossary. 4to. 6s. 6d. Boards. Leigh and Sotheby. 1796.

This publication contains six short poems, selected out of seventeen, which make the whole of a MS. in the editor's possession, and were all written by Thomas Hoccleve, a poet who flourished through the latter end of the 14th and great part of the 15th century; for he lived to the age of eighty. He has been called a disciple of Chaucer, at whose death he was thirty years old; and is supposed by some to have been patronised by Humphrey, duke of Gloucester. In bringing them before the notice of the public, the editor is sensible that he dissents from a respectable authority in these matters; for Mr. Warton has condemned the poems as showing 'a total want of invention and fancy.' We, for our part, confess we are inclined to the opinion of the critic; though the editor thinks he might not have seen most of the poems now published. We are sensible, however, that writings may be valuable as matters of curiosity, which have no title to be considered as monuments of genius, and that to many every thing is attractive that smells of antiquity. The language is not materially different from that of Chaucer; but of the wit and spirit of Chaucer, his nominal disciple does not appear to us to have caught a single particle. With the antiquaries, therefore, we shall leave him.

The Pin Basket. To the Children of Thespis. A Satire. By Anthony Pasquin, A. With Notes Biographical, Critical, and Explanatory. Dedicated to the Countess of Jersey. 4to. 3s. Jordan. 1796.

Mr. Anthony Pasquin may be Mr. Anybody; nor is it of the least consequence either to us or to the public, whether this gentleman be a spurious Pasquin or not. The Dedication to the countess of Jersey is followed by a long note, in which the author has introduced, with some impropriety, the names of certain gentlemen, as the conductors or authors of the several Reviews. If, however, the author is not more successful in his guesses with respect to other publications than he is with respect to ours, the public curiosity will be very little gratified by his pretended discoveries. As it may

not, therefore, be very agreeable to gentlemen to be held forth to those authors who may incur our censure, as their literary enemies, we think it right to do Messrs. Holcroft and Godwin the justice to say, that to our knowledge they have neither of them ever written a line in our Journal, except the extracts which we have occasionally taken in reviewing their respective publications; and with respect to the other gentleman whom he has done us the honour of considering as our associate, it is rather too ridiculous to suppose that the secretary of the earl of Liverpool, and an avowed advocate of ministry, should take any part in a review, which Mr. Anthony Pasquin is pleased to term democratical. Of the poetry let the following specimen suffice—

‘ So, so, the green-room’s in a pretty rout,
And long to know what ’tis that you’re about.
Tell me, my Pasquin, as a friend I ask it,
Who is’t you mean to cram into your basket?’ P. 14.

Epistle from R-ch--d Br-nf-y Sh---d-n, Esq. to the Right Honourable H-n-y D-nd-s. 4to. 2s. 6d. Owen. 1796.

If our readers wish to have a specimen of the *politics* of this epistle, he may take the following lines—

‘ Lose but one atom of the royal power,
And anarchy would Britain soon devour.’

or these—

‘ I marvel much that Britain’s guardian law,
Left English Syeyes [*meaning Mr. Horne Tooke*] one mile
from Abershaw.’

or these—speaking of Mr. Pitt—

‘ As in this war ’gainst hell’s *philosophasters*,
He’s saved Britannia from all Blood’s disasters,
Oh, let us ne’er condemn the glorious mode,
Should he have strained one law, to save the code.’

If a specimen of the *poetry*—but, on recollection, we believe they will be of opinion that the above lines may serve for both.

Poems by the Rev. Henry Rowe, LL. B. Rector of Ringshall in Suffolk. 2 Vols. 8vo. 7s. Boards. Cadell and Davies. 1796.

If we are rightly informed of the circumstances under which these poems were written, the subscribers to them will have more pleasure in the consideration of having contributed to the relief of an unfortunate clergyman (suffering the hardship of confinement in the King’s Bench prison for debt) than they could have received from the sublimest flights of the most poetical imagination. We cannot indeed say that much of the genius of our celebrated dramatic poet has been transfused into the poems of his relative:—but verses at least as bad are every day given to the public.

An

An Equestrian Epistle in Verse, to the Right Hon. the Earl of Jersey. Adorned with Notes. By the Author of the Epistle to the Rev. Dr. Randolph. 8vo. 1s. Parsons. 1796.

The proverb says, it is an ill wind which blows nobody good. The loss of the famous packet is one of the incidents which the writers of the day have eagerly laid hold on as a vehicle for satire, or a stimulus to curiosity. This slight piece is evidently written by a classical scholar; and the poetry is full as good as the occasion demands.

E D U C A T I O N.

The Latin Primer: in Three Parts. By the Rev. Richard Lyne. 12mo. 2s. 6d. Bound. Stockdale. 1795.

We do not remember to have seen a more useful publication than the present, as a guide to the knowledge of the Latin language. The rules are plain and simple, and, which we think an advantageous plan, in the English language. The examples are necessarily in Latin, and extracted from the best classical authors. The two first parts, which relate to the CONSTRUCTION and POSITION, will easily enable a person to acquire a very accurate and elegant knowledge of the Latin language without a teacher; and with respect to those who give instruction, they will shorten the labour of both master and scholar beyond any book we ever saw.

Most initiatory books, received as guides to the Latin language, are defective in the prosodical part: this primer goes much at large into the subject, explaining not only the general laws of the hexameter, pentameter, iambic, trochaic, and anapæstic verses, but all the peculiarities of Terence and Horace's metres, and is much more comprehensive and exact, than any grammatical work written on the same scale.

The Parent's Assistant; or, Stories for Children. By E. M. 3 Vols. 12mo. 4s. 6d. Boards. Johnson. 1796.

It is always with peculiar pleasure that we give a testimony in favour of books designed for the instruction and benefit of youth. The present production is particularly sensible and judicious: the stories are well written, simple, and affecting; calculated, not only for moral improvement, but to exercise the best affections of the human heart.

M I S C E L L A N E O U S.

An Examination of Events, termed Miraculous, as reported in Letters from Italy. By the Rev. J. Berington. 8vo. 1s. Booker. 1796.

The prodigies which this pamphlet is written to refute, are as follow—

‘ At Ancona, a sea-port town in the papal territories, on Saturday between the 25th and 26th of June last, certain women, alarmed by the report of a conspiracy for the plunder of the town and massacre

massacre of its inhabitants, ran in crouds to the cathedral, where was a picture of the Virgin Mary, reported to work miracles, and to which these women, it is said, were particularly devout. While they were here fervently praying before the picture, a little child, whose unusual composure had been remarked, cried out to its mother, "That the Holy Virgin moved her eyes," or, as another account states, "That the Holy Virgin had heard her mother's prayers." Thus was the first impression made. The mother looked, and beheld the prodigy. Others beheld the same; a general cry among the spectators ensued; soon the whole town was in motion; all flocked to the cathedral; and the most incredulous, even the ringleaders of the conspiracy, returned, convinced, from inspection, of the reality of the prodigy. Thirteen days the picture continued to move its eyes, and it was only on the 8th of July, that the door of the church was closed. During that period, the French gentleman who writes the letter, an emigrant, and formerly a canon of Lyons, on the 28th, at midnight, was admitted to a near sight of the picture, the motions of the eyes of which he describes minutely. They moved first horizontally; then opened wider than was their ordinary position; and finally closed. These changes happened twice, during the quarter of an hour he remained before the picture. On the following day, at noon, he returned to the same spot, and beheld the same motion of the eyes, which he is ready to attest on oath.—On the 6th of July, three painters, men of probity, were introduced by authority, when the vicar general, attended by his officers, directed them to take down the picture, and examine it. This they did; and as their hands passed over the face, they observed the eyes to open; and one of them afterwards assured the writer, that what struck him most was, to feel the eyes, as if they had been animated, move under his fingers.

Such is the relation from Ancona; and on the 10th, other accounts, which confirm the above, state, that the prodigies had not then, or only then, ceased, and that a statue of St. Ann, the mother of our lady, had joined the daughter, and also moved its eyes. This statue, to remove all suspicions of fraud, was examined by the same painters.

We come to Rome. About the time that the prodigies at Ancona ceased, a series of the same commenced in the capital. On the 9th of July, as some pious persons were praying before a picture of our lady, called of Archetto, it was observed to open and shut its eyes. The report soon spread through the city, while other persons, equally impressed with devotion, in the same street, before another picture, were heard to exclaim, "Most Holy Virgin, favour us with a miracle." Scarcely were the words uttered, when the eyes moved; and presently, all the pictures, which are numerous in the streets, exhibited the same phenomenon, moving their eyes in various directions, and almost without interruption. The contagion, within a few days, reached to the churches, where the
same

same prodigies took place. The streets, meanwhile, incessantly resounded with the cry of *Viva Maria!* and canticles and hymns were sung.—Some similar motions were likewise observed in pictures of our Saviour, and in crucifixes; and the wonders did not confine themselves within the walls of Rome, but extended to Civita Vecchia, and to other towns in the neighbourhood. Many miraculous cures, it is added, on the blind, the dumb, and the lame, particularly at Perugia, were operated.

‘A new prodigy now presents itself. Three lilies, by way of decoration, had been placed near to a picture of the Virgin, where they had remained so long, as to be completely withered and dry. But, on the 9th of July, a bud, perfectly fresh and green, was seen on one, and soon three other buds on the others, which promised a speedy expansion, while the stalks remained in their withered state. These, however, grew green; and in this state, for nearly fifteen days, the renovated plants continued, though the heat of the weather was intense, and no rain or vapour fell to refresh them.—At Viterbo, meanwhile, the body of St. Rose was covered with an abundant perspiration.—Near Mandola, an illumined cross, with three lilies, was seen in the air, which moved and rested over the celebrated chapel of Loretto.—At Perugia, three stars of a resplendent brightness appeared on the cheeks of the Virgin, and on the forehead of the infant Jesus, whom she holds in her arms.—In other places, some statues of saints altered their positions.’ P. 7.

These ridiculous stories our author very sensibly accounts for, from the illusions to which the sense of sight is liable; from the time of the occurrence of some of them, viz. in the dusk of the evening, and from the circumstances of the witnesses,—Some of them, as that of the lilies for instance, he does not hesitate to ascribe to a trick played off upon the credulity of the people. This pamphlet is well written, and bears the marks of a liberal and inquiring mind.

A Narrative of the Loss of the Catherine, Venus, and Piedmont Transports, and the Thomas, Golden Grove, and Æolus Merchant Ships, near Weymouth, on Wednesday the 18th of November last, drawn up from Information taken on the Spot, by Charlotte Smith, and published for the Benefit of an unfortunate Survivor from one of the Wrecks, and her Infant Child. 8vo. 2s. Low. 1796.

The loss of six ships off Portland island, out of the fleet under convoy of admiral Christian, in the tremendous night of the 18th of November, 1795, must be fresh in every one's memory. The humanity of Mrs. Charlotte Smith has led her to draw up a short account of the melancholy catastrophe, for the benefit of a woman passenger, the sole survivor from one of the vessels. The admiral made the signal for standing out to sea: but these vessels, beaten back to the eastward, attempted to make St. Helen's or some other port:

‘But

‘ But the fog now gathered more heavily around them, mingling the sea with the sky in drear confusion.—They could distinguish nothing through the impenetrable gloom—they could hear nothing but the roaring of the wind;—yet, imagining they had sea-room enough, they were not aware of the extreme peril they were in, and that, instead of having cleared the Isle of Portland, they had driven to the westward of it, and were rapidly approaching the tremendous breakers that, driven by a south-west wind, thunder with resistless violence against that fatal bank of stones, which beginning at the village of Chisle, on the presqu’ Isle of Portland, connects it with the coast of Dorset.

‘ This extraordinary bank of stones reaches to a place called Burton Cliff, a distance of above sixteen miles, with a singular variation in regard to the pebbles that compose it.—At Chisle, in the Isle of Portland, they are as large as eggs, and gradually diminish from that size till, at Beckington, they are not bigger than peas; and, between a place called Swyre and Burton Cliff, they decline insensibly into a fine soft sand.’ p. 6.

The sight of the wreck must have been truly affecting—

‘ The gentlemen leaving their horses at the Fleet farm-house, crossed the Fleet water to the beach, and there, whatever idea had been formed of the scene they were now to witness, was infinitely exceeded in horror by the spectacle before them. No celebrated field of carnage, where the heroes among mankind have gathered their bloodiest laurels, ever presented, in proportion to its size, a more fearful sight than the Chissel-bank now exhibited. It was strewn for about two miles with the dead bodies of men and animals, with pieces of wreck, and piles of plundered goods, which groups of people were at work to carry away, regardless of the sight of the drowned bodies that filled the newly-arrived spectators with grief and amazement.

‘ On the poor remains of these unfortunate victims death appeared in all its hideous forms, and indeed the particulars cannot be given—either the sea, or the people who had at first gone down to the shore, had stripped of every article of cloaths, those who had probably ventured, or been thrown by the shocks into the water with their cloaths on, as some of the officers certainly were clothed at the fatal moment.—The remains of a military stock, or the wristbands and collars of the shirt, or a piece of blue pantaloons, were all of their cloaths that were left:—and when the rites of sepulture were to be performed, the lieutenant of the South Gloucester, who superintended the performance of this melancholy duty, had no other means of distinguishing some of the officers than by the different appearance of their hands from those of men who had been accustomed to hard labour.’ p. 33.

The whole number of dead found on the beach was 234.

